The Progressive Thinker

Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

VOL. I. CHICAGO, MARCH 15, 1890. NO. 16.

The Progressive Thinker's Rostrum.

To be Occupied by Eminent Divines, Scientists, Philosophers and Teachers.

AN INTELLECTUAL FEAST FOR THE READERS OF THIS PAPER.

A Department that Would Prove an Attraction in any of the Leading Magazines of the World.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

AT THE THRESHOLD OF THE GREAT BEYOND.

An Address by Charles W. Hidden, M. D.

A man of investigating turn of mind felt anxious to explore the catacombs under the City of Rome. One day he started out, carrying a torch and a ball of silk. One end of the silk was made fast to a stake, and, as the man walked about in those marvelous chambers under the ancient city, he kept unwinding the silk. After awhile he came across a beautiful painting on a tablet, and, as he stood wrapt in admiration before it, the silk slipped from his fingers, and at the same instant the torch flickered and went out.

For a moment he was stunned. Then he stooped to find the silk. In groping about, by mistake he slipped into another passage. He became bewildered, and wandered from chamber to chamber, only to sink down at last, exhausted, to bewail and bemoan over his stupidity in entering the catacombs alone. It was a critical moment. Death, with its attendant horror, slow starvation, stared him in the face. Alone, far away underground, he was well nigh crazed with grief. Finally, stimulated with courage born of desperation, he determined to make one more effort to find the silk.

Down upon his knees he went in that awful darkness, and hour after hour crawled about in his search. At length his hand came in contact with what seemed a thread. His brain reeled, but he clung to it as a drowning man clutches at support. It proved to be the tiny silken thread, the object of his search. Slowly, carefully, hand over hand, he followed its course in and out among the chambers. At last a softened glow broke in upon him, and he was well nigh overwhelmed with joy. He had reached the entrance to the catacomb. He was safe at last—out under the broad canopy of heaven, studded with myriads of bright golden stars.

For centuries man has been in search of his soul. In his search he has wandered after strange gods, winding up at last in the depths of materialism. Man is not happy under such circumstances. Far from it. The intelligent cry out ever for the mighty torch of truth, for the guiding thread of reason, to lead up and out into the broad light of day.

While nature forever proclaims that death does not mean annihilation, only change; that nothing dies, but to live a grander life in newer spheres of existence; while all nature thus proclaims, man denies.

The savage of every race and clime, trusts implicitly in the eternal law of progress. It remains for civilized man to deny the after life; to consider himself a creature of chance; to curse the law which brought him into being only to die the death of a dog, and be blotted out of existence forever. The thought is abhorrent. It is unworthy an abiding place in the mind of man. It is a libel upon the creative forces, aims and principles, of nature. But, though man denies, deep down in his heart of hearts he hopes and prays for continued life beyond the grave.

In groping about in the mental darkness and devious ways of materialistic thought, man for centuries has overlooked the silken cord of hypnotism. Carefully traced, as we shall try to show, it leads from the gloom and horror of the catacombs of despair up, up and out into the twilight glow of justice and of reason, up to the very threshold of the great beyond.

Hypnotism, as claimed by Charcot, leads to the "realm of the marvelous," and, if we possess the courage to rise above the polite sneer of materialistic scientists, we shall find ourselves well repaid, for, in this "marvelous" realm, we shall become convinced that man is a spiritual as well as physical being; that he is moved and operated upon by psychic or soul forces; that the guiding, controlling principle in life is soul or spirit; that this soul or spirit is the real man; that the body is but the temporary dwelling-place of the soul; that when the soul has outgrown the use of the body it leaves it, to take up its particular place or part in the onward march of the evolutionary forces of nature. Hypnotism offers also abundant proofs of the existence of a Spirit-world: a world which so perfectly interblends with our own that it is difficult to tell where one begins and the other ends.

"Oh, that's Spiritualism," people cry as soon as we attempt to prove the spiritual side of man, as though it was something awful to prove that man has a soul which survives the physical shock or change called death. Scientists refuse to believe that man has a soul, because scalpel and microscopes fail to reveal one. Scientists, however, do not know everything. The scientists who deny and who claim to know all that there is to man and of man, cannot tell what light is, what heat is, or what electricity is. It is easy to speak of light as the ethereal medium of sight; of heat as caloric, or the agent of warmth; of electricity as composed of elements which have thus far eluded our grasp. The fact remains, though, that this is only a clever method of cloaking scientific ignorance when the world seeks to learn.

We talk of man as being composed of a handful of elements, and yet in man we have the crowning piece in Nature's handiwork. What a wondrous being is man—man with his brain, and marvelous gift of thought; thought, that mighty force which moves the world to-day; thought, an instrument, which, in the hands of the progressive thinkers of the hour, is paving the way for the perfect solving of that grandest of all human problems, the continuity of life beyond the grave.

Science maintains that mind and soul are one, and that both are the product of the physical; and further claims to know how thoughts are produced, thus doing away with the necessity of an outer force or spirit. Science claims to have traced the nerves governing the finer senses, more particularly those of touch, impression, etc., to their origin in the gray matter of the brain. But as a matter of fact when we seek to trace their origin we find that these nerves divide and sub-divide until lost to view completely in other elements of the brain. In every case each supposed origin is found to be simply a way station to receive impressions from a source which, in every instance, eludes the grasp of physical science.

It has been clearly proven by Shultz and Flourens that the brain hemispheres can be removed until only a small portion of the white matter of the cerebral substance remains, and yet intelligence is manifested and thought originated. Professor Goltz has recently demonstrated the same thing in a manner most satisfactory. Similar illustrations without number can be given, showing conclusively that nerve centers and nerve cells cannot be the real source of mental development. For that matter, science finds it just as difficult to locate the real centers of muscular sense and motion, both of which are known to exist, and to give constant and convincing proof of intelligence. Aside from the brain the spinal cord appears to have a special consciousness of it own, and, if we pursue our investigations closely, at every step we shall find ourselves staggered by the discovery of special faculties and senses ignored by science, hence not laid down in the books.

Science never made a greater mistake than to claim man to be a physical being simply. An equally great mistake has been to insist that there is neither life nor force beyond that developed by the arbitrary rule of the scalpel and the microscope. While scientists talk so glibly of brain fibres which produce thoughts by their vibrations, of nerve-soul and nerve-spirit, of various elements and constituents, how the writer has longed to see these savants, weighted and freighted with knowledge and fancied power, make a brain which will produce a single thought.

It is only when we step aside from beaten paths, possess the courage and patience to investigate, and dare to think and let our thoughts be known, that we find evidence complete and overwhelming that man possesses a soul. Aided by the wonderful power of hypnotism, we investigate phenomena of every name and nature, and are forced to the conclusion that Paul was right when he declared that man has a spiritual as well as a physical body. Waking or sleeping we find faculties and senses not depending upon the physical, but rather dependant upon laws out of and beyond the physical for their operation.

In deep sleep singular things occur, as witness the strange movements of the somnambulist. With both body and brain asleep, see the wonderful things which are done. On the retreat to Corunna whole battalions of infantry slept soundly while on the rapid march, and officers slept in the saddle. With the external world shut out in sleep we find some gifted with prophecy, and others possessing remarkable clairvoyant clearness of vision. "Forerunners" in dreams are noted for their frequency, and to such elevated planes do some dreamers reach that Hahnemann, who likewise noted the development of this faculty, paid particular attention to the remarks of his dreamers while proving his drugs. Lost articles are found in sleep, and the soul possesses the faculty of reaching out beyond the body and seeing or sensing things both near and at a distance; in fact, doing strange and unheard-of things, possible only to a power or force which is superior to and controls the physical.

We really know but little to-day of matter, life and force. The magnifying glass shows that apparently solid objects are open to the passage of certain fluids or forces. Live frogs and lizards have been found in solid blocks of granite, far under ground. The microscope reveals worlds of life beneath our very feet. The spectroscope and telescope reveal worlds about us, and out into space, of which we have never dreamed. Electricity passes through solid substances. The soul force or external stimuli has no difficulty in making its way through matter, for the purpose of affecting or controlling the mind. In this view of the case, matter cannot be solid. Matter has its spaces and insterstices not yet laid down in the books, and, though science has limited the senses to five, for aught we know to the contrary, every part of the body may have its complement of special senses. In the investigation of matter, life and force, no real limit can be fixed. The subject is as boundless as the universe.

Of all the peculiar laws observable throughout the animal and vegetable worlds, one of the best observed is that of sensitiveness. Hours before the approach of a storm can be detected by the average human being, the birds sink down to their nests; the flowers begin to close, and the tendrils to hug closer the parent vine; the chicks catch the warning cluck, and huddle beneath the sheltering wing of mother hen; and the cattle in the fields bow their heads, to ward off the approaching storm. There are men and women equally sensitive to the approach of storms, and just as sensitive to the presence of visitors from another world.

Take the sense of sight. Some people can see as well in the dark as in the light. The wonderful psychic of Rev. Mr. Townsend could read the finest print in a dark closet. Hundreds of hypnotic subjects since that time have been trained to do the same thing. The soul is able to see without the aid of the normal eyes. This is abundantly demonstrated by means of the development of clairvoyance. To the clairvoyant eye, the Spirit-world is made as clear as the physical world to normal sight. Clairvoyant sight is the opening of the inner vision—the eye of the soul. We deny the existence of the soul, simply because we are not familiar with it. We see the body, and in life, become familiar with it. We deny that we have a soul, because we cannot see and handle it as we do a lump of coal or clay. We shall be wiser before the close of another decade.

It has been proved by Dr. Fahnestock and others that, in the deep hypnotic sleep, time and space, if not annihilated, do not seem to exist, and in this state, subjects can see, hear, taste, smell and touch, at any distance. In this sleep is thus proven the power to see and act outside the ordinary means. The psychic forces, as Dr. Raue clearly shows, are passive, and active, first, to receive from a distance, and to perceive at a distance. There is ever a nearness between the psychic and the object sought, despite the material distance between them. The psychic can see, hear, act, without the aid of the physical body, and who will dare say that if this can be done in this life, that the soul, the real man, cannot do equally wonderful things, when freed forever from physical bondage. If the soul can rise superior to physical ties, which fetter and bind, to what heights may it not aspire and attain when once across the threshold of the Great Beyond.

One of the remarkable features of hypnotism, particularly as related to the after life, is the development of the gift of prophecy, with which gift is blended ever conscious and unconscious trance, clairvoyant sight and psychometric sensitiveness. History furnishes remarkable examples in this particular line, notably in the cases of Socrates, Joan of Arc, Lilly, Zadkiel, Cazotte, and others; and in our own time we have sensitives, known as mediums, who possess this gift. In the exalted mental state necessary to the successful accomplishment of these seeming wonders, the sensitive sees from the elevated standpoint of the soul. The soul rises superior to the physical, and past, present and future seem one continuous whole. Investigated carefully, and scanned closely, the investigator will find himself forced to admit that, in the exercise of the faculty or gift of prophecy, the soul can see, hear and reason accurately, without the apparent necessity of connection with the body. If it can do this in this life, independent of the physical, what is to hinder the soul from the exercise of its varied gifts and faculties when freed from the body forever?

Telepathy, or sensing at a distance; telergy, or action at a distance; and last, but not least, mental telegraphy, or telegraphing from soul to soul all prove beyond a doubt the power of the soul to act independently of the body. The writer has demonstrated over and over again that mind can communicate with mind; soul commune with soul, regardless of time or space. Hundreds have demonstrated the same, over and over again. The records of the priests of old, of the psychical societies of to-day, and the private memoranda of the daring thinkers of the world, prove beyond question that the soul cannot only rise superior to the body in this life, but that, by the operation of some law yet to be discovered, it can clothe itself in a form visible to normal sight, and perform acts which border on the marvelous.

As supporting telepathy, telergy and mental telegraphy, we may instance the sound of voices, seeing forms of friends in the room, or perceiving them driving toward us from a distance. In every instance of this kind it will be found that, at that very moment they were longing to be with us, and trying to make us sense their coming: the soul goes on ahead. The case given by Duprell is in point. A man saw a hand write the name "Godefrey" on his study table. Weeks afterward he learned that a friend bearing that name died at that hour, thousands of miles away. Robert Dale Owen tells of a captain who entered his cabin, and found a stranger writing in his log book. The stranger vanished, but left behind, on the log, the written words, "Steer to the Nor'west." The captain steered to the "nor'west," and came upon a bark stranded in the ice. Among the rescued passengers was a man who bore a perfect resemblance to the stranger who had written in the log, and whose handwriting was identical with the words penned therein. It was shown that when the writing was done this man was in a deep sleep, and upon being aroused, had informed the captain that he had been on board a strange bark, and that the latter was coming to the rescue. His soul had gone forth, and, clothed anew, had penned words which led to the rescue of the crew and passengers of the stranded bark. If the soul can do this in the life physical, what can hinder the performance of similar feats in the life immortal?

Thousands of equally well-authenticated cases can be presented, proving conclusively not only that we have a soul, but also leading irresistibly to the conclusion that this soul lives on and on when freed from the body. We are skeptical regarding the soul because, forsooth, scalpel and microscope do not reveal one. With as much reason we could deny the transforming of solid coal into invisible gas, and the union of gases to form the air we breathe, and the water we drink. In the hour we call death the body is resolved into various elements, while the mightier human soul, above and beyond the range of chemical action, lives on.

Nothing in nature is ever lost. "The eighteenth century," says an eloquent preacher, "discovered that matter cannot be destroyed; the nineteenth that force cannot be destroyed; the twentieth will discover that mind cannot be destroyed;" to which we may add that, to the mind of candid thinkers, at last, it has been discovered that the soul has not, cannot be destroyed. What men laughed at yesterday, is the admitted fact of to-day. What we dream of to-day will become the demonstrated fact of to-morrow. There is no death; "what seems so is transition." This is but "the dim dawn—the vestibule." "Life's theatre as yet is shut." This is but the chrysalis of being. The mists of to-day will be cleared away by the golden sunlight of truth to-morrow. Then we shall put off the mortal and take on immortality. And when the day breaks and the shadows flee away, out there in that vast and starry space, we shall revel in new beauties and glories, in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Fellow readers and investigators: In seeking to approach the threshold of the Great Beyond, we are like the men in story who approached a strange country, and found it shut out from view by a veil, before which was a deep, dark ravine. They toiled down into the ravine, and up the other side. Raising the veil, they were surprised and delighted to find outspread before them a country rich and beautiful beyond compare. We have surmounted the difficulties and obstacles in the deep, dark ravine of materialistic thought, and behold, the "thin veil between us" and the Spirit-world. Standing on the threshold of the Great Beyond, we can catch the sound of footfalls along the border land of the soul. We have but to look, to catch a glimpse of the promised land; to catch a glimpse of the after life—a life which is real, a life which is earnest; a life free from sickness and death, a life everlasting.

When Balboa reached the end of his toilsome journey in search of the Pacific ocean, he halted his forces on the mountain side, whilst he proceeded alone to the summit. As he stood on the topmost peak, the grandeur of the scene burst upon him. At his feet lay hill, wood and vale, a picture of splendor and confusion; while before him lay the lovely Pacific ocean, calm and peaceful, stretching away into space, and blending with the sky in all the beauty and softness of a southern atmosphere.

Standing together on the topmost height of Mount Materialism, let us look out and away: Behold the fabled veil is lifted. Sublime beauty greets the eye. All about us stand our loved ones, whom the world calls dead—loved ones clad in garments pure as the snow. They stretch out their hands to bid us welcome, welcome home. Look, look: Stretching away into space, see, see the land ahead, with its "trees waving o'er the hills of fadeless green." See the river, "the beautiful, beautiful river, that flows by the throne of God." See how its crystal surface catches up the sunbeams, reflecting a wealth of color and of splendor to the very arches of heaven. Turn the eye in every direction, and, oh! what glory in this glimpse of paradise. As the softened twilight glow enhances the hallowed scene, how poor, tired, pain-stricken, and soul-wearied mortals long, "yes, long to be there."—long to inhabit the "mansions of the blest," just over the threshold, in the great beyond.

ADDRESS BY J. G. JACKSON,

Before the Convention of the Woman's National Liberal Union, Washington, D. C., February 24, 1890.

[Reported for The Progressive Thinker.]

MRS. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I came to this convention along with my wife, understanding that its ostensible object is to promote the cause of woman suffrage. At the same time it appears to be somewhat of a new departure, inasmuch as it is a move of that division of the advocates of woman suffrage known as *liberal minded women*. This term, "liberal minded," seems to call also for definition. To us, I presume, it means those who are willing to take the natural and rational view of political and religious questions, as distinguished from the miraculous, the biblical and the dogmatic.

The original Quakers reached about the same ground when they formulated the idea that the "light within"—the intuitions of the human mind as enlightened by reason and knowledge, that is, the voice of God in the soul—was superior in authority to any written word of ancient inspiration, so-called. Let us see, for a few minutes, whither we will be led, touching woman suffrage and other matters, by adopting this method of coming towards the truth.

Allow me to premise that the waters, so to speak, are being troubled on every hand.

> "And still the measure of our needs,
> Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds;
> The manna gathered yesterday
> Already savors of decay;
> Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown,
> Question us now from *star* and *stone*."

The rank ephemeral growths in our country of Mormanism and its like are but sickly suckers from the rotten root of Bible-supported Judaism. Without the false beliefs descending from this source, hereditarily festering in the minds of uncultured men, they never would have even temporarily prevailed.

The bickerings over the changing of creeds are rife in the air. The revision of Scripture causes yet more in the poet's eyes—

> "The letters of the sacred Book
> To glimmer and swim beneath our look."

The lashing of the waters by the sorely harpooned whale of the Romish church, makes us back our oars and stand aghast in wonder and dread as to what evil may come upon us should her final agony cause a beating unto blood of the wild waters of the sea of humanity. Yes, a false conception of Deity and of the origin of seeming evil in the world still continue largely to dominate the minds of men. The reign of miracle, instead of the reign of law, having been ground into human consciousness for thousands of years still strives to hold its sway. A portion of the Protestant churches, feeling the ground sliding beneath their feet, have organized in artful battle; and to protect themselves from they scarce know what would strive to undermine the sacred palladium of our liberties and to stab our country to the heart in the name of God. It is charitable to suppose they know not what they do.

But to return to the one great question of woman suffrage: In a government professing to be ruled "by the people and for the people," why does this strange anomaly so long continue—that one-half of the citizens have no effective voice in governmental matters? Have you not, ladies here present, begun to perceive at least one main cause of this continued injustice to your sex?—if not, indeed, the very foremost cause of the persistent wrong?

Are you not still partially enslaved by the sacerdotal power of the Judaism of the Bible, as it still modifies and corrupts traditional Christianity? In the Vedic period of ancient India, scholars tell us that woman was held in the highest reverence and exercised all her rights. Amongst the writings of those earlier days we find such maxims as these:

"Man is strength; woman is beauty. He is the reason that governs, but she is the wisdom that moderates."

"It was at the prayer of a woman that the Creator pardoned man; cursed be he who forgets it."

"There is no crime more odious than to persecute women and to take advantage of their weaknesses to despoil them of their patrimony."

"When women are honored the Divinities are content; but when they are not honored, all undertakings fail."

Such are a few of the maxims of those ancient days. But, following the times wherein those prevailed over the minds of men, the first result of the domination of the priestly order in India was the abasement and moral degradation of woman, so honored during the Vedic period.

The Hebrew Genesis corrupts the more ancient and far more beautiful Hindoo legend of "Adima and Heva," the first man and woman. In the original Hindoo scripture, man was made the leader in disobedience to Divine commands. Heva, his wife, pleaded with him to forbear transgression; yet did she not forsake him when trouble resulted; but followed as a loving comforter.

Then, says the old writing, the voice came to them, in their sorrow, from the clouds: "Woman, thou hast only sinned from love of thy husband, whom I commanded thee to love, and thou hast hoped in me. I pardon thee and him also for thy sake."

But what did Moses? He reversed the order of criminality and caused the weaker woman to be treated as the leader in disobedience, that she might ever after be made to bear the odium. "For unto woman (God) said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception: in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee."

This presumed primal Jewish law is the one which was carried out by that semi-barbarous people in their lives, as if sanctioned by the God they worshiped. This, ladies, in the minds of modern cherishers of antiquated myths and legends is the Bible "constitutional law" you still live under. It was professedly uttered by that same God whose name the goody-goody fools in this country would place at the head of our Constitution.

Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, for rating them as *fools!* It is a rude name; but what else can they be in their narrowness, folly and besottedness? Again: What a bitter spirit of ignorant bigotry seems to dwell in the hearts of those who are trying to sap the foundation principles of our Government and to introduce the rule of sacerdotalism.

What says the Rev. Mr. Graham, vice-president of their misnamed "National Reform Association"? Hear him: "If the opponents of the Bible do not like our Government and its Christian features (as he construes them) let them go to some wild, desolate land and, in the name of the *devil* and for the sake of the devil, subdue it and set up a Government of their own, on infidel and atheistic ideas; and then, if they can stand it, stay there till they die."

What a sweet "Christian spirit" *that* was said in, ladies and gentlemen!

Listen to the Rev. Edwards, before the same misnamed association:

"What are the rights of the atheist? (Under which name and the name of "infidel," he includes Agnostics, Deists, and all who are not in union with the orthodox sects.) What are the rights of the atheist?" he exclaims. "I would tolerate him as I would a poor lunatic, so long as he does not rave—so long as he is not dangerous I would tolerate him. I would tolerate him as I would a conspirator!" "Tolerate atheism!" he continues, "There is nothing out of hell I would not tolerate as soon!"

Is not this fellow possessed by the spirit of an old inquisitor, friends?

Thus it is that they rate us all *infidels*, who do not subscribe to their stale, antiquated and dogmatic notions. They do not realize what we know and feel, that *we* are seeking and finding higher and holier truths than they in accord with the eternal law of growth—that we carry in our hearts a grander, a more uplifting reverence for the Infinite Spirit, who rules "without variableness or shadow of turning," than they possibly can in their idol-worship of man-made gods and ancient mystical fables. That instead of being infidels we hold unflinching fidelity to Truth wherever we can find her in her ever-glorious and expanding beauty.

We strive to cultivate due charity towards all such erring brothers and sisters who still cling to the shadowy past in preference to the glowing present—who are still hugging the chains of superstition and folly, while cherishing in their hearts the ever-accompanying bigotry and intolerance that has heretofore blasted and embittered a suffering world.

Nevertheless we would desire to bear with them, and not relegate them to any devil or spirit of evil, be he fanciful or real,—as did the Rev. Mr. Graham,—but like the poor negro, in the dark days of man-stealing, who prayed, as you remember, over High Constable Kline: "Oh! Lawd, shake him oveh hell! Shake him well; shake him! But, O Lawd! don't drap him in!"

We will add: Oh! Lord, let them live in this fair country to see their blindness and repent their folly.

But, ladies, you must perceive, as you do perceive, that the leaders of Christianity in these days, Bible worshipers as they must needs be, can not consistently go counter to the Bible law I have above quoted, and by surrendering your right of equal suffrage release you from its thralldom. You have shown your wisdom, ladies, in perceiving this condition of affairs, and may your efforts to organize a "liberal woman's movement," to aid in counteracting all wicked and dangerous machinations prove a grand success.

That thus it may eventuate, ladies and gentlemen, what is our best course to pursue? To you, gentlemen, allow me to say that our first duty is to join heart and hand, in our perhaps rougher way, to unite our forces for concerted action, in the name of Truth and Right, in aid of our sister workers.

Without taking time now to define specialties of method, let us all join with a will in the grand cry, "Spread the Light! Spread the Light!" And while we cry, put our heads, hands and pockets practically to the much-needed and glorious work.

ON TRIAL, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER IS only 25 cents for sixteen weeks, or $1 per year. For that amount you get the best thoughts of the ablest writers in the United States and Europe, and also aid us in establishing in Chicago the largest Spiritualist Publishing House in the world.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Publisher.
Published every Saturday at 251 S. Jefferson Street.

Entered at the Chicago Postoffice as second-class matter.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

An Onward Movement Against the Legions of Error.

In compliance with a plan long maturing, and believing we can be instrumental in doing a grand work for Spiritualism, Liberalism and Free Thought, and also having faith that within one year we can obtain 50,000 circulation, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be offered until further notice, at the following terms invariably in advance:

One year,	$1.00
Club of ten (a copy to the one getting up the club),	$7.50
Sixteen weeks (on trial),	25cts
Single copy,	3cts

REMITTANCES.

Remit by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter or draft on Chicago or New York. *Postage stamps will not be received* hereafter in payment of subscription. Direct all letters to J. R. Francis, 251 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

THE AIMS OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

The paramount design is to publish the ablest Lectures, the most profound Essays, the most interesting Sketches, cultivating the reason as well as the emotions, making each subscriber feel that he has partaken of an intellectual repast that will better fit him for the life here and the one hereafter.

Bear this thought in mind: That while THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the cheapest Spiritualist paper in the world, its editor has the laudable ambition to make it the best. The high-priced papers pay nothing for contributions, and it stands to reason that the most eminent minds in the Spiritualist and Free Thought ranks will cheerfully lend their aid and influence in making THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the brightest and best paper for the fireside in the world. For reference as well as study, its columns will prove of great value.

A Beautiful Harvest for Twenty-five Cents.

Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just pause and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER sixteen weeks is only twenty-five cents! For that amount you obtain sixty-four pages of solid, substantial, soul-elevating and mind-refreshing reading matter, equivalent to a medium-sized book!

CLUBS! AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER sixteen weeks, we would suggest to those who receive a sample copy, to solicit several others to unite with them, and thus be able to remit from $5 to $10, or even more than the latter sum. A large number of little amounts will make a large sum total, and thus extend the field of our labor and usefulness. The same suggestion will apply in all cases of renewal of subscriptions—solicit others to aid in the good work. You will experience no difficulty whatever in inducing Spiritualists to subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, for not one of them can afford to be without the valuable information imparted therein each week, and at the price of only a trifle over one cent per week.

A LARGE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

Without soliciting the wealthy to take "stock," or importuning any one for gifts; and without any anticipation of any bequest, we propose to establish in this city the largest Spiritualist Publishing House in the world. If **One Hundred Thousand** Spiritualists will subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, *on trial*, sixteen weeks for twenty-five cents, and continue even that small contribution, we will have a Publishing House here, of which you may well be proud, inside of five years. Each one who subscribes for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be, as it were, a "brick" in the contemplated structure (don't forget that), and from a spiritual point of view be considered part owner. We believe that ninety-nine out of one hundred who read this, will co-operate with us. The one who will not respond must have the paper free.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1890.

SUBJECTS TO BE CONSIDERED.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be devoted to Spiritualism, Biology, Electro-Psychology (as formulated by the celebrated Dr. Dods), and its differentiations, Mesmerism, Animal Magnetism, and Hypnotism; Somnambulism, natural and self-induced, as presented by the celebrated Dr. Fahnstock; Telepathy; Visions, while awake, in sleep, or in Trance; Psychometry, as ably presented by Professor Buchanan; Cremation, a Spiritual and Sanitary Necessity; Brain Waves, Psychic Waves, or Soul Force; Ethics as a Factor in Religion, and as announciated by the Philosopher and Seer, Hudson Tuttle; the Various Stages of Death, in the Transition of the Spirit to the Higher Spheres; the Fear of Death; The Danger of Premature Interment, etc., etc. All these subjects as well as many others equally important will receive careful, critical and comprehensive consideration from time to time in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Look Out.

Look at the figures on the little tag at the end of your name on the wrapper of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. They have a significant meaning. They tell in plain language the number of the paper at which your subscription expires. If the figures are 19, then at No. 19 of the paper, the time for which you have paid for expires, and you will get only three more numbers of the paper, unless you renew. If the figures are 20, then you will get four more copies; if 21, five more copies.

Although our terms are $1 per year for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, each one who so desires, *can renew on the trial terms*, and the subscription will be thankfully received. The trial terms will extend throughout the year, 1890. It would be better, however, for each one to send a dollar, as it will save the trouble of renewing so often; but the subscriber must consult his own convenience as to that. While we shall most cheerfully welcome all trial subscriptions, the dollar subscriptions are more strengthening to us in our efforts to present a first-class Spiritualist paper.

Quarters will come safely if placed in a hole in a card, and paper pasted on each side. Not one so fixed and properly directed, has failed to reach this office. Can you not, when renewing, induce your neighbor to join with you, and thus enlarge our list, and strengthen our hands to carry forward a work in which we are engaged? No one can afford to be without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER as it costs only 1½ cents per week, bringing each one in contact with the leading minds of the country. By renewing now, you will not miss a single number.

AFTER glancing over this number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and observing its fine typographical appearance, and the large number of interesting articles, you will certainly want a more extended acquaintance. It will be sent to you sixteen weeks, on trial, for 25 cents.

MEDIUMSHIP.

Sensitiveness — Inspiration — Spontaneous Manifestations.

The mass of mankind understand the delicacy of the conditions of mediumship, the acuteness with which the nervous system is strung, its keen susceptibility to pain, about as little as the ignorant boor understands the subtile ways of electricity. To be a true and conscientious medium is to have the light of heaven shine in the heart, and to be also subject to periods of utter darkness. A thousand influences are ever operating, and the medium receives all, and trembles under their power. These may be good or evil, and resistance to the latter is exhaustive of vitality.

Mediumship presupposes an exceedingly sensitive condition, and the better the medium, the higher this tension of susceptibility. In this exalted state, disagreeable objects, opposing words and antagonisms, which ordinarily would pass unnoticed, strike with bare hand the quivering nerves, and produce excruciating torture. The presence of a person or object may be sufficient to destroy the more ethereal influence of spirits, and leave the medium in an exhausted and deplorable condition. I know of nothing which will compare with the acute depression of the mind to which the medium is subject after such an experience, or after a prolonged period of overwrought impressibility.

It is true that while in the flood of inspiration he breathes an atmosphere of delight, and lives in an ideal world. Earth and its cares sink from memory, and all is purity, exaltation and joy. When the inspiration departs, the rosy light fades from spiritual vision, and the mental eyes open to the cold, gray rays of earth-life. How chill, sordidly selfish, poor and unprofitable, then seems this existence! After the flood comes the ebb; the veritable Valley of Despond. When the immortals cease to inspire, it seems that they have departed forever. The sensitive feel alone, deserted and weak, and the depression may lead to serious physical disturbances, disease and death.

Recognizing these facts, the position of the medium is not enviable, unless the laws of mediumship are understood, and he protects himself against whatever is injurious and painful; even at best, such will arise and confront him, for even dearest friends, knowing nothing of the acuteness of his feelings, may unconsciously produce the very effect they seek to avoid.

Mediumship is a faculty common to mankind, and capable of cultivation. Now that we are just entering the vestibule of a true psychic science, and are commencing to learn the principles of that science aright, we may hope for wonderful results. "Test conditions" may have value, as a rude measure of safety applied to manifestations, but the understanding of the laws and conditions of mediumship will give greater safety from fraud and imposition than any "test conditions" can possibly furnish. When thoroughly understood, the latter will not be demanded. In fact, all mental manifestations must carry within themselves the evidence of their truthfulness or falsity. They must be judged by the internal evidence they give, for tests cannot be imposed.

What may be called spontaneous manifestations, such as come unlooked for, and unsought, are of more value than those which are expected. Spiritual phenomena depend on such evanescent and subtile conditions that they cannot be predicted, and hence the public medium is placed in an embarrassing and dangerous position. The sittings are too frequent and prolonged, and the vital forces become depleted. The true manifestations cease, and the temptation to simulate them, under the pressure of exacting sitters, and the desire to please, is at times irresistible. The medium sinks to a fraud, despicable as pitiable, and this depleted state is taken advantage of by ignorant, fun-loving spirits, and the psychologized medium made the dupe of their follies; or, the strong influence of the sitters reacts on the sensitiveness of the medium, and he becomes passive to their wills, and echoes their thoughts.

This is the danger always threatening public mediums. They are compelled to hold seances too frequently, and this is the first wrong step. None should sit oftener than every other day, and better, but once in a week.

We write this, not in disapproval of the public medium, or in opposition to the once hotly discussed question of pecuniary pay. They who devote their time should be rewarded. The point is this: The medium cannot do justice to the cause or himself by overtaxing the subtile forces on which the phenomena depend, and when he does, these disastrous results are certain to follow.

The most convincing and desirable manifestations occurred in the presence of D. D. Home, at quite long intervals, it is true, and he was never accused by bitterest foe of simulating. The facts stood bold and clear, and challenged refutation. Home held seances only when his friends made a demand he could not refuse, at lengthy intervals, and scorned to receive pay therefor. His gift was not marketable. Wonderful phenomena have transpired in the presence of Slade, such as the shadowy materialization of spirits which could not be denied, and yet Slade has been repeatedly caught in fraud and trickery. He was so sordid and eager for gain, his habits so wantonly wasteful, that he sat for all comers who would pay his fee, and failing in the genuine gave crude imitations.

The medium in this position, while guilty of a crime which no words of censure can adequately describe, is pitiable as well as despicable.

We do not object to paying mediums, but they should not nor can not hold seances frequently enough to make a support. They can not make, in other words, a business of mediumship, and hold it at its best. They can not admit every one at all times to their presence, because they have the silver ticket, without deterioration of their sensitive powers.

As mediumship may be weakened or lost by excessive use, on the other hand, it may be strengthened by right usage. To develop its highest powers it must not be made an article of merchandise. The medium must be independent, and not obliged to sit for all comers, or hold continuous seances. While public mediums are almost obliged, by a stern necessity, to do this, the highest results are not to be expected.

A slight degree of sensitiveness, correctly cultivated by a sympathetic circle will develop rare qualities under the constant efforts of spirit friends to perfect the means of communication. Their endeavors to effect this may be illustrated by two musical instruments placed side by side. If both be attuned alike, when one is played upon, the other will respond, note for note, as though touched by invisible fingers. The first may be likened to the spirit communicating, the other to a medium, perfectly *en rapport*, or in harmony.

If, however, the two instruments are not attuned in accord, when the first is played upon, there will be no response from the other. It is no longer a medium. But if there are movable bridges under its strings, every vibration of the first, although not meeting with audible response, will tend to move the bridges forward, and if the first continue, the bridges will be moved until the strings are brought to the proper lengths, and then suddenly the silent instrument will repeat the notes of the first. There will be discords, for some of the strings will be brought into harmony before the others, and perhaps only after a long period of inharmonious sounds will all be brought into accord, and the full, sweet voice find utterance. The parallel of this illustration with the development of the sensitive, is most expressive and beautiful. The object of the circle is to furnish the essential conditions whereby the communicating spirit may bring the medium into harmony with itself sufficiently so that he may receive thought impression; to become controlled, to write, speak, or otherwise, according to peculiarities of organization. This object can be gained only by repeated efforts, the first of which must necessarily be futile. Then follows a period of more or less certainty, which, if the efforts be rightly directed will give place to perfect control.

There are two ways to cultivate mediumship. The first is to allow of a control which makes the sensitive merely an instrument to do the will of the controlling intelligence. This is illustrated in the magnetic subject, under the influence of hypnotism. The medium thus controlled may write and speak perfectly the spirit thoughts, but the more perfectly he may do this, the less advantage he gains. He loses identity, and not cultivating strength of character, this very sensitiveness becomes a source of great danger, for if it allows the subtle influence of spirits to dominate once, it will the more quickly and unresistingly yield to the grosser influence of mortals, and if the consequences of such yielding are not disastrous in the extreme, it is because these mortals do not wish it so to be. Many examples of ruin and disgrace will occur to the reader, assignable to this one cause, and should receive pity instead of censure.

The second method of the culture of sensitiveness is to hold it for what it is, not a dominant condition, but one of the many capabilities of the spirit, and thereby make it strengthen the selfhood of character, instead of weaken. Our spirit friends approach us through its means, and impress us with their thoughts, as the eye takes in visions of objects and the ear the waves of sound. They are advisers and instructors. We will not wait until they make us unconscious automatons. We will receive through the mind by the intensifying of its powers, and strive to embody the thoughts received in ourselves. Then we become strong, because spiritualized, and being spiritualized, continuous inspiration increases our strength. This is the mediumship of genius, which receives as in a focus the rays of inspiration, and dispenses them as its own. HUDSON TUTTLE.

A Stock Publishing House.

We notice that our contemporary is at it again, endeavoring to start a stock company. We hope he will succeed this time, for we want some real genuine fun, as we propose, single-handed, to accomplish what no stock company can with $50,000 capital. We will not only obtain a larger circulation for our paper than it can for its organ, but we will finally wield a more potent influence for good: for where there is a *multitude of interests*, there you will *invariably* find more or less jarring and friction; that condition is almost inevitable. You see that the great trouble with stock concerns generally, is the fact that *all* from the president down, must draw magnificent salaries, even if the stock be sacrificed. There are financial ruins all around us, resulting from these ambitious publishing concerns that want the use of other people's money.

Dr. Charles W. Hidden, No. 14 Purchase St., Newburyport, Mass., requests the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to write him, clearly and concisely, of their experience in clairvoyance or trance vision; prophecy; verified statements of spirits; apparitions; haunted houses; mental telegraphy; hypnotism; somnambulism; in fact any and everything tending to show spirit presence, and also facts showing the power of the mind or soul to see, feel, hear, or take cognizance of events transpiring at a distance. He wishes to make a collection of psychological notes, for future reference, and would be glad of the help of honest inquirers the world over. The results of his investigations will be published in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

W. H. Vosburg, of Troy, N. J., writes: "We are having some very large meetings here at present; there seems to be an increased interest manifest. The Star Hall Society, corner of Fourth and Fulton streets, have reorganized on a firm basis of business, with the view of sustaining regular meetings and employing the best speakers and mediums. The organization is a chartered one under State law. In connection with the Association there is a Children's Lyceum that convenes 2:30 P. M. each Sunday; there is also a Ladies' Auxiliary Aid Society connected with the institution. The society is ministered to at present by Mr. Frank T. Ripley. Arrangements have been recently closed with Hon. Sidney Dean, formerly connected with the Methodist E. Church. He was for many years bishop of the church in the diocese of Providence, Rhode Island, and was one of the most brilliant men and able debaters in the ranks of the Methodist organization. Feeling it devolving upon him as a duty, he set about the fearless investigation of the claims of modern Spiritualism, and finding it to be the truth, he boldly proclaimed it to his church and the world, when at once, of course, they had no farther use for him. The church claims to teach the immortality of the soul, yet when the positive evidences are offered to her through the return and communion of our departed friends, she repudiates, and turns her back upon its sublime truth."

A WORD TO SPIRITUALISTS.

An Opportunity Never Before Offered.

In the publication of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the Spiritualists of the United States are offered an opportunity never before presented to them. The paper combines, as everybody who examines it carefully and critically must admit, two exceedingly essential qualities, *excellence* and *cheapness*. Without any effort to get deep down into the pockets of Spiritualists, we have pursued the even tenor of our ways, phenomenal success accompanying our efforts from the start. Although some seventy failures of stock publishing concerns and those started by single individuals in the interest of Spiritualism, have taken place in this country since Modern Spiritualism was first inaugurated, we have no fears that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will ever be classed among that unfortunate list.

We repeat, then, that an opportunity *never before offered* to Spiritualists is now presented to secure a paper for their homes that will present them the leading thoughts of the age from those most distinguished in the fields of Liberalism and reform. They have only to read the list of those who are to appear in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER'S Rostrum, to realize fully our statement. Others will from time to time be added to the list, thus furnishing an intellectual feast that will only cost about 1½ cents per week.

Read on the first page that most excellent lecture by Dr. Charles W. Hidden—"At the Threshold of the Great Beyond." It is full of eloquent thoughts and valuable suggestions from beginning to end. Carefully peruse the brief but highly important and suggestive address of J. G. Jackson, of Deleware, before the Woman's Convention at Washington.

Then turn to the second page, and read Hudson Tuttle's admirable views in reference to mediumship, and other items of interest by J. H. Randall and others.

Then go the third page. Mr. Hudson, of California, makes some startling statements, that it would be well for those who are not on the right path to carefully and critically consider. He presents some really sensational thoughts. Glance carefully at the glorious emblems of our country, and "DANGER SIGNALS." That "Roman Catholicism," "God in the Constitution," "Medical Legislation," and "Creeds in our Public Schools," constitute "Danger Signals," no one for a moment will doubt. See what Edith O'Gorman has to say of convent life. It will interest every Spiritualist. Ponder well the timely remarks of C. L. Morgan, of Albany, Wis., and reflect on the dangers which he points out. He is followed by that veteran worker, Lyman C. Howe. His "Fragments" present some interesting items of news. On the same page will be found a short but expressive poem by the poet of Berlin Heights, Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle.

Now go the fourth page and read the "Avenue of Death," and the pathetic tale of the old woman's vision at the poor-house, and then resolve to try to relieve the world of those conditions which render the poor-house necessary. Then follows "The Grand Reality." Spiritualists, you will find something therein of great value from week to week. Then follows a poem by Bishop A. Beals, which will be read with interest.

After reading all this valuable matter, every thinking mind will say, and every Spiritualist will emphatically exclaim, "Here is an Opportunity Never Before Offered to Spiritualists to secure a paper that combines *excellence* and *cheapness*."

Spiritualists, we are not trying to do something impracticable, nor are we impatiently waiting for bequests and donations; nor are we trying to get deep down into your pockets by some artful subterfuge, or to organize a joint stock company where a few can receive large salaries at the expense of the many. The most that we ask from each one is a contribution of 1½ cents per week, and that solicitation has received the *seal*, the *approval in full* of the angel world; and as we write this there seems to fall upon our spiritual ears a million voices in commendation of our efforts to present the world with a Spiritualist paper that in order to be eminently successful combines EXCELLENCE and CHEAPNESS, and who will say that this number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER (as well as those that have preceded it) does not in every respect fill the requirements. We invite a comparison of the contents of our paper with that of any $2.50 or $3.00 paper now published. We don't fear the verdict.

Mrs. Dr. T. G. Horton, of Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have the pleasure of reading your most excellent paper every week."

UPWARD!

That is the General Tendency of Our Subscription List.

While our subscription list is constantly swelling in volume, a most excellent feeling in regard to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER prevails everywhere. We have not space only for a few selected at random. But all these kind words are appreciated by us, those not published as well as those that are.

L. A. Fisher, of Morris, Ill., writes: "Enclosed find a one dollar bill handed me by William George, one of your sixteen weeks' subscribers, although his time will not be up until No. 20. He appreciates your paper so highly that he placed the year's subscription in my hands some time since, with a glow of profound gratitude and an expression of good fortune that he had found of all others just the thing he most wanted.' Mr. George is an Englishman by birth, well along in life, without any special religious creed. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER just fills that vacant niche in the being of the reflective mind."

Wm. Collins, of Independence, Oregon, writes: "I find THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is just what the people want." Mr. Collins has our thanks for a large list of subscribers.

A. S. Bidwell, of East Hartford, Ct., writes: "Will help you all I can, for the paper you are publishing we want in every home, and can't stop until we succeed."

Clara Miller, of North Newburg, Me., writes: "I think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the best spiritual paper that I have ever read, and I have read about all of them."

Mrs. L. B. Tobias, of Ottumwa, Iowa, writes: "Please find enclosed $1 for renewal of subscription to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is a gem of the purest ideas. Long may it live to gladden the hearts of its readers each week. May success crown your laudable efforts to build a publishing house in keeping with the many good things you advocate. I am desirous of having one good brick in the structure, although a woman and unjustly denied the privilege of voting; yet I am called upon to pay taxes. Now I consider that tyrannous at the closing of the nineteenth century."

Mrs. E. A. Burrell, of this city, has sent us seven subscribers. She says: "I am so glad I can do a little good."

John Camp, of Owego, N. Y., writes: "I got hold of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the 2d. I have taken a Spiritualist paper for years, but never read one that came so near my views as yours."

J. H. Skinner, of Verona, Wis., writes: "As in the last few years there has been a great cheapening in the cost and production of literature, so you have taken the tide at its flood," and as a result you are giving our noblest cause a new impetus."

Bishop Beals, now lecturing at St. Paul, Minn., writes: "Your very interesting paper is a welcome visitor in the homes of some of the spiritual families in this city, and its brave, outspoken defence of our spiritual cause and mediums must commend itself to every loyal Spiritualist, and in the near future give it a large circulation, if not the largest of any spiritual paper. The Spiritual Alliance Society here, over which I have ministered since last September, is in a flourishing condition, and the Baptist chapel where we hold our meeting is well filled every Sunday evening. The slate-writing medium of Minneapolis, Paul Johnson, gave an exhibition of his wonderful powers at my meeting, and it was a decided success, and has created quite a favorable impression and comment from the press."

P. C. Mills, of Fairmount, Ark., writes: "I have received every copy of your paper from the sample copy to the present number, and I find the sixteen weeks rapidly drawing to a close. Inclosed you will find renewal. I find your paper all that you have promised, and beautiful in every respect, and exactly filling a place long awaiting its advent among us. I have been highly pleased, and immensely proud of it from the first number. All those who have taken it on trial here will renew, I think, and I shall try to get others to enlist in the cause. May your every effort be crowned with more success than you ever dreamed, is my earnest wish. I am still heart and soul in the work so dear to my heart these twenty-five years. I have been a lecturer in the field, though I am now resting. I gave a course of eight or ten lectures here, and shall renew them in the near future."

H. Lock, of Pataskala, Ohio, writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER comes with such brilliant gems of light and gives such wonderful food for thought that liberal minds, when they see it, can't resist."

E. A. Pierson, of Greenville, Michigan, writes: "This is the 'third brick' I have put into the wall of the publishing house, and when I read your intensely interesting paper I feel as if I would like to lay at least half the wall if able, and shall continue to send bricks, if recommending THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will bring them."

Daniel Gordon, Thorndike, Me., writes: "I am very much pleased with your paper. It seems to have the true ring."

Mrs. L. C. Wright, of River Falls, Wis., writes: "I am much pleased with the appearance of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and if you hold out as you begin, you may count me as a regular subscriber."

SPIRITUALISTS, awaken! We are determined to present you the best thoughts of the age. One department—"The Progressive Thinker's Rostrum"—will bring you in contact with leading minds, at a cost of only 1½ cents per week. No one can afford to be without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

We take pleasure in announcing that Mr. Hudson Tuttle has engaged to furnish THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER with an article for each current number during 1890. As a well known Mr. Tuttle is eminent as a seer, author and lecturer, and his articles will excite widespread interest.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION.

This organization will hold its semi-annual meeting and celebrate the Forty-second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in Cain and Rowle's Opera House, Colfax, Iowa, on Saturday and Sunday, March 29 and 30, 1890. The first business session of the Association will be held Saturday at 9 A. M. sharp.

Prof. J. S. Loveland, of California, and Dr. J. H. Randall, of Chicago, and other good speakers, will be in attendance for the anniversary exercises. Mrs. Allie A. Bloodgett, the noted independent slate writing and platform test medium, of Davenport, Iowa, and other good mediums will be present. The Colfax Brass Band, with other good music, has been engaged for the occasion. Board at Adams Hotel, one dollar per day. Free conveyance to and from the Opera House. In the general interest of Spiritualism, and of all who are contributors financially and otherwise, to the growth of our Association and its Camp Meeting at Clinton, Iowa, I submit report of our income and disbursements for the season 1889, and a brief analysis of the same.

Financial report season 1889.	*Receipts.*
Ticket sales	$ 7,11.80
Stock sales	415.00
Donation	344.35
Members' dues	135.00
Tent rent	321.50
Furniture rent	73.05
Lot	182.45
Ground	88.50
Dance	246.80
Mediums' meetings	73.90
Entertainments	35.00
Bazaar	19.80
Tent sale	41.00
Tax	11.40
Total	2,601.14
Expenses	2,552.11
Balance	49.03

Expenses.	
Jennie B. Hagan	$ 100.77
Mrs. R. S. Lillie	73.20
J. S. Loveland	155.00
Juliet Severance	30.00
F. S. H. Willis	107.32
W. C. Hodge	14.00
Lecturer's board	32.60
Labor	124.75
Police	150.00
Gate keepers and collector	95.50
Superintendent's service	56.00
" bill for materials	50.17
Printing	76.47
Music, band	120.00
Music, vocal	50.00
Music, instrument, rent	7.00
Lumber	122.75
Hardware	15.30
Bedding purchased	39.60
Gasoline	54.37
H. H. Roberts, labor and mater'l	122.20
Tents, purchases	597.30
Sec'y's traveling expenses	15.22
Sec'y's salary, 36 days	78.00
Postage, and extra sec'y labor	30.65
Paid note of L. P. Wheelock	116.82
Paid on account	120.00
Total	2,552.11

The above report embraces some facts that should encourage every member of the Association, and every friend who desires to see extended the influence of the beautiful teachings of Spiritualism. I take pleasure in specifying the following: That of the $2,552.11 expended, $474.20 was invested in labor and materials, four-fifths of which was for permanent improvements at our camp in Clinton, Iowa; $556.39 was invested in tents, which the Association now own for future use; $238.82 was applied to the liquidation of the debt of a little over $1,100. In addition to this, I am enabled to report that the trustees, in the interest of harmony, have purchased Mrs. Parker's cottage for the Association.

Within a short time the circular announcing the annual camp meeting, with the list of the very exceptional talent that has been engaged, and the names and residences of the members of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association for 1890, will be issued, and every preparation made to insure a grand season of growth and enjoyment to all who visit Mount Pleasant Park next July and August. J. H. RANDALL, Sec'y.

229 Honore St., Chicago, Ill.

Letter from Buffalo, N. Y.

The cause in Buffalo is in a flourishing condition. Jennie B. Hagen lectured for us last Sunday, and will lecture for us all the Sundays of March. She is domiciled at the residence of Mrs. J. W. Dennis, 129 Thirteenth street, where she can be addressed for the above month. She would like week day or evening engagements for the towns near Buffalo during this month. On Wednesday of this week she officiated at the funeral of a departed sister at the town of Lindenville, N. Y., and on Thursday afternoon she performed the same service for a sister who had just passed over from Buffalo. This sister was a medium of some note, a Mrs. Stuart. She left a beautiful little waif of a babe to the care of strangers. Miss Hagen's funeral orations are full of loving tenderness and kind words for the living and the dead, or rather raised spirits of mortal man.

Our local speaker, Willard J. Hull, lectured in Meadville, Pa., last Sunday. He will lecture in North Collins next Sunday, and for the last three weeks of March will lecture in Philadelphia, Pa.

March 15, 1890. J. W. DENNIS

Harry Nott, the materializing medium, is dead. He passed to spirit life in Kansas City, Mo., the first of this month.

Geo. H. Brooks lectures at Indianapolis, Ind., for March. His address will be in care of Dr. H. S. Cunningham, 354 South Meridian St.

Mrs. Adah Foye has been doing an excellent work at Denver, Col.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

QUEEN ISABELLA AND THE W. C. T. U.

Shall we, the dwellers on the continent that was given to the world and to civilization, by the brave and heroic Columbus, while we accord him fitting honors at the coming World's Fair, ignore the claims of the woman who was great enough to comprehend his plans, and magnanimous enough to aid him in their accomplishment, thus saving the great navigator from the ignoble fate that has overtaken many another "dreamer"?

A correspondent of the *Woman's Journal* answers in the negative, and cites as a good and sufficient reason the bigotry and religious intolerance that disgraced the reign of this otherwise great-souled queen.

That Isabella was one of the most intolerant of bigots cannot be denied. During her reign of 23 years (according to Don Juan Antonio Llorente, who was Secretary to the Tribunal of Madrid before the suppression of the Inquisition in 1808, and who devoted several years to careful investigation of the registers of the tribunals, and gave to the world the result of those investigations), the Inquisition was established in Spain with her consent, and countless thousands of peaceful and law-abiding Jews were burned, imprisoned, tortured, or stripped of their effects, and driven from orthodox and highly *Christian* Spain!

Yet, according to this author, Isabella was a woman of "sound understanding and natural kindness of heart." How, then, could she permit such horrible atrocities to be enacted under her very eyes, and with her knowledge and consent?

The answer is plain. She was under the control and domination of the priesthood. Isabella's serious temper, as well as early education, naturally disposed her to religious influences. Notwithstanding the independence exhibited by her in all secular affairs, in her own spiritual concerns, she uniformly testified the deepest humility, and deferred too implicitly to what she deemed the superior sagacity or sanctity of her priestly counsellors.

For a time, Fray Ternando de Talavera, afterwards archbishop of Granada, was her confessor, and it had been well for the land if the queen's conscience had always been intrusted to the keeping of a person of such exemplary piety as Talavera. Unfortunately, in her early days, during the lifetime of her brother Henry, that charge was committed to a Dominican monk, Thomas de Torquemada, a native of old Castile, subsequently raised to the rank of Santa Cruz, in Segovia, and condemned to infamous immortality by the signal part he played in the awful tragedy of the Inquisition.

Torquemada was one of those cold, bloodless, inhuman monsters; a true son of the church, who compensated for their abstinence from sensual indulgence, by giving scope to those deadlier vices of the heart, pride, bigotry and intolerance, which are no less opposed to virtue, and are far more extensively mischievous to society. This personage had earnestly labored to infuse into Isabella's young mind, to which his situation as her confessor gave him ready access, the same spirit of fanaticism that glowed in his own.

Before her accession to the throne, Torquemada had urged Isabella, according to some accounts, "extorted a promise that should she ever come to the throne, she would devote herself to the extirpation of heresy, for the glory of God and the exaltation of the Catholic faith."

We are told that "Ferdinand listened with complacency to a scheme which promised an ample source of revenue in the confiscations it involved (most of the heretics were Jews; many of them possessed of much wealth), but it was not so easy to vanquish Isabella's aversion to measures so repugnant to the natural benevolence and magnanimity of her character.

But the woman who puts her conscience into the keeping of a priest will be likely, sooner or later, to accede to his dictum, whatever that may be. Well would it be for the world if women were no longer dominated by a designing priesthood. But truth compels us, however unwillingly, to admit that spiritually they are still, with few exceptions, the willing slaves of the clergy, and the blind devotees of a religion invented by priests, for their own, and not for woman's benefit.

There is to-day an organization of women, in this free and glorious republic, whose numbers have reached a quarter of a million, led by a woman, a queenly leader, with her skilled sub-generals, superintending forty different lines of work, conducting this host on to victory, who are as truly controlled and manipulated by a wily priesthood, as were the benighted women of medieval days.

Ostensibly the W. C. T. U. are laboring in the temperance vineyard, but in reality they are working for the protection and defense of the Christian Sabbath, which means, in plain English, a reunion of Church and State.

What is most astonishing is the fact that few, even among the liberals, see the danger that menaces this republic. Even that fearless thinker, Mrs. Stanton, speaks of the "harmless Sabbath plank" in the Prohibition constitution. But if that truly noble and philanthropic woman will read the story of the atrocities perpetrated by the pious barbarians of Arkansas upon a colony of peaceable, industrious, law-abiding Seventh-day Baptists, for the sole crime of doing a little useful labor on the sacred (?) day, known as Sunday, she and every other right-minded person will in all probability admit that those Jesuitical souls who in this age of free thought and intellectual progress clamor for religious legislation, are less excusable and more to be condemned than that unfortunate queen, who, in a benighted age, both by heredity and education, was fettered by a superstition, deadly as the Upas tree, alike destructive to all moral and intellectual progress.

Was it a marvel that she was unable to free herself from the hideous thrall?

C. L. MORGAN.

Albany, Green Co., Wis.

SPIRITUALISTS, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER'S Rostrum will bring to you from time to time the advanced thought of the age. Just think, our paper only twenty-five cents for sixteen weeks, and yet this department equal in all respects to the same amount of space in any of the high-priced magazines.

DANGER SIGNALS!



ROMAN CATHOLICISM. GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION. MEDICAL LEGISLATION. CREEDS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

DANGER SIGNALS.

Disclosures of Convent Life.

FACTS WITH WHICH SPIRITUALISTS SHOULD BE FAMILIAR.

Danger Signals! Yes, there are many of them in this country. If not Danger Signals, let those who are alluded to, show wherein I am mistaken. The following, from Edith O'Gorman, shows the insidious manner in which human nature is perverted. She appeared recently before a vast audience at Music Hall, Boston, and detailed her experiences in convent life. Every Spiritualist should be accurately posted with reference to every enemy to our glorious school system, and to all methods that pervert and dwarf hmuan nature, and this address by Edith O'Gorman will be read with deep interest. She was introduced in a characteristic manner by Dr. Fulton, and spoke in brief as followis:

DEAR FRIENDS: It gladdens my heart to be with you to-day again. It is now nineteen years since I first addressed an audience in Music Hall, in Boston. I have been absent very nearly nine years from the Continent of America. I have traveled through England, Scotland and the colonies of Australasia, and God has blessed our work and kept us in his grace and strength, and I do thank him from the bottom of my heart that he has preserved us through all these dangers, and brought us here again to address such a cultured and enlightened audience in Boston. I am glad to testify to you in honor of the great mercies God has shown us, and especially to describe to you some of the conventual teachings of the Romish church.

On entering upon convent life, the young girl in her youthful enthusiasm must quench all the natural instincts of the heart and affections, and take upon herself perpetual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, thus, as she is taught to believe, taking Christ for her spouse. When I left school at seventeen years of age, I looked forward to enjoying the vanities and pleasures of this world, but after two years and a half of that life I became thoroughly satiated and longed for something more satisfying. That would have been a perfect conversion to God with me at that time, if I had been allowed to have God's grace operate in me; but instead of that I opened my heart to my father confessor, to whom I confided the inmost secrets of my soul, and he assured me that unless I would enter a convent it would be impossible to save my soul. He assured me that these feelings were a sure sign of my call to that highest of all vocations, to become the bride of the King of kings, and as my spiritual director I was bound to obey his words as coming directly from God. He also assured me that within the sacred walls of the convent I would be safe from the allurements and temptations of the world, where the devil went round like a roaring lion; but my friends, I have never found the devil to roar half so loud in the world as I found him to roar in the convent. [Applause and laughter.] He also assured me that if I should let any obstacle prevent me from making the sacrifices necessary, I would be eternally lost. The sacrifices necessary were that I should voluntarily die to the world and enter a convent. Accordingly, on October 2d, 1862, I entered the Convent of St. Elizabeth, Madison, N. J. I was not disposed to evade any instrumentality prescribed for obtaning the grace I desired, and although the rose tint of anticipated bliss soon gave way to the sombre hue of the reality, and my great expectations, one by one, were falsified, and the enthusiasm with which I had sacrificed my home and the world left me, I was sincere, and would not draw back.

At the taking of the black veil, the hair of the candidate is shorn from her head, and as she tramples it under foot she is compelled to say: "Thus do I trample all earthly vanities under my feet." Then the bishop places upon her head the black veil, saying; "Receive the sacred veil, whereby thou shalt be known to have left the world and become the bride of Christ forever." Then the bishop puts upon her finger a silver ring, and all their lives the nuns wear that silver ring, and each time they look at it they must remind themselves that they are the brides of Christ; and every time they say, "O heavenly spouse, have mercy upon me," they gain an indulgence of six hundred days from the sufferings of purgatory, and if they do not need the indulgence themselves, they can apply it to their friends dead or alive, who may need it more than they. [Applause and laughter.] After this the nun is commanded to prostrate herself upon the earth, a black pall is thrown over her, and the bishop reads the burial service in Latin. In my case Edith O'Gorman was dead and buried, henceforth was to live Sister Teresa. Then in the most solemn manner the nun pronounces the vows, after which the bishop gives a short benediction, and then stands up and publicly pronounces anathemas upon any one who shall allure the nun from that life, a most awful curse and anathema, which shall fall much more upon the nun if she attempt to leave the life of her own accord.

The vows are of poverty, chastity and obedience. By the vow of so-called poverty, a nun renounces all the wealth she possesses. The money is given up to the superior when she enters the convent, and she remains forever ignorant of its disposal. If a young lady should bring thousands of dollars, she must give up not only all claim to that, but also to herself. Henceforth she belongs soul and body to that community, and must bow to the will of the superiors. She cannot willfully make use of the pronouns my or mine as appropriating any earthly possession to herself without being guilty of a mortal sin. Sin in the Romish church is divided into two classes, original sin and actual sin. Original is that with which one is born and can only be cleansed away by baptism. Actual sins are the sins committed by man himself after he has arrived at the age of reason, which the Romish church puts at seven years of age. Actual sin is again divided into two classes, mortal and venal. Mortal sin kills the soul and deserves hell; and if a Roman Catholic should die with *one* mortal sin unconfessed to the priest, and absolved by him, he would go to hell forever. Venal sins do not kill the soul, yet they are displeasing to God, and if a Roman Catholic should die with a venal sin unconfessed he would go to purgatory and stay until his friends gave the priest enough money to say sufficient masses to get him out. A nun would commit a mortal sin if she should give a crust of bread to the starving without permission, and during all my life in a convent I never but twice received permission to give anything in charity to the hungry, although I often begged of the superior on my knees that I might relieve their needs. I joined the Sisters of Charity because I believed my life would be happy in relieving the sufferings of the poor. But there are no Sisters of Charity in the Romish church who can go out upon the battlefield or into the home of the afflicted at their own will. The vow of obedience is so exalted in the convent that if the other two vows should happen to clash with it they must give way. There are three kinds of superiors: first, the reverend holy father superiors, then the reverend mother superiors, and the sister superiors appointed by the mother. To these the nuns must bow down. They must make two confessions weekly —one to the priest, of every sin committed, in order to receive absolution; then to the mother or sister superior they must make a "manifestation of conscience," as it is called, of every natural desire or thought of their hearts, in order that the superior may know how to carry out the supreme object of the convent—that is, to crucify the natural feelings of the heart. And the nun who confesses that it is pleasing to her to minister to the poor and the afflicted is not allowed to do it. All the years I lived in St. Joseph's convent, although time and again I have pleaded on my knees with the superior, and have seen other nuns do the same, that I might give relief to the suffering and needy who applied for aid, her answer invariably was, an answer made necessary by the vow of poverty, "Tell them we are bound by our vow of poverty, we have nothing at all of our own and can give nothing at all away only our prayers. Tell them we will say the thirty days' prayer to the Virgin Mary for them, or the litany, or the rosary, or any other prayer they want, but for anything else they need, send them to the relief societies." And if it were not for the relief societies how many Roman Catholics would die of starvation for all their Sisters of Charity can help them. [Applause.] I must make a statement, which is true, although most painful to me. I have never known a single case in which a Romish priest has given one dollar towards relieving the miseries of their poor, but I have known innumerable instances in which they have extorted the last dollar from them. Do not understand me to say there are no good Romish priests. I believe there are some naturally good, noble men among them, as I believe there are among the heathen, who are good, in spite of their religion, but I have never had any experience with the noble, good ones. [Applaus.]

In regard to the law of chastity, the rules are these. If a nun should fall in love with a priest she is bound to tell him of it and obtain his advice about it. [Laughter] Note the infamous craft of this regulation. Thus informed he can take advantage of her declaration. Such are the perils of a loose morality to which a young girl is exposed who will give herself entirely to the guidance of corrupt priests. If a nun should kiss a little baby, for fear the maternal instincts of her heart should tempt her awary, she is guilty of sin. In the convent, as in the world, there are women of all characters. The two hundred nuns in the convent where I was were composed of every nationality and description of character, and while there were some just as pure as a child and daily martyrs to their purity of character, on the other hand, about half were the very reverse. If a nun receives a command from a superior which she knows to be wicked and criminal, and remonstrates, telling the superior she cannot conscientiously obey, she is met with such sentences as this from Liguori: "The responsibility of the crime of the action commanded will rest upon the superior who gave the command, not upon the nun who through holy obedience obeys her superiors." A perfect blind obedience is required, and if a nun violates the slightest command or rule she is penanced so severely that often death or insanity ensues.

Nuns are divided into two classes, cloistered nuns and active nuns. Of the former there are twenty orders, and they have no communications with the outer world. There are about one hundred different orders of active nuns, and they are called the lights of the Roman Church. They are bound by the same rules and obligations as the cloistered nuns, and are open to much greater temptation, as they visit the sick and poor. If an active nun should meet upon the street her own father, mother, sister or brother, she must pass them by as if she knew them not.

After speaking at some length of the penances required of the nuns, the constant crucifixion of all the natural feelings and affections of the heart, and the cruel treatment of the children placed under the charge of the sisters, the speaker took up the subject of the parochial schools, and said:

Out of the two hundred nuns who composed the whole order of New Jersey, one hundred and fifty were teaching in the parochial schools, and the Holy Mother received $400 each, that sum being taken in extortion in their parishes. During the last three years that I was in the convent I taught the select pay school; all the pupils were grown up, and represented the best Roman Catholic families in New Jersey. It was my duty to review the parochial schools in the district. I did not expect much from the primary classes, but I did certainly expect they would know their letters. Imagine my surprise, in reviewing that class, to find scarcely one dozen who could tell one letter from another, yet they were all able to repeat the catechism from biginning to end. [Applause.] Religious exercises are never neglected in any school taught by nuns. The priests spend their time in making love to the pretty nuns, and are the most idle men in the world, having little to do except to drink the best of wine and make merry on the fat of the land, extorted in great part from the poor Irishman, who will give his "last cent to his Holy Riverince." [Applause.] The nuns do not so far forget the policy of the church as to inflict cruelty upon any pupils of the select pay schools. Such children are taught pretty well, but not in solid branches. They do teach the superficial branches, and yet no more perfectly than they are taught in Protestant schools. Every effort is made to secure the affection and win the confidence of Protestant children, and to lure them into the church, and rarely do their attempts fail. Protestant parents, are you not aware that your children are there denied the privilege of reading the Bible or hearing it read? I never saw a Bible the whole six years I was in a convent. And yet you do send your children to be educated in these Roman Catholic convents and schools, deluding yourselves with the idea that no attempt will be made to indoctrinate their young minds with Romish errors. Are you not aware that the Romish church is one of exclusive pretensions, believing that every one outside its pale is dammed to eternal perdition? If you consider it necessary to send your children away from home to be educated, are there not hundreds of Protestant schools taught by experienced teachers? The one great blessing of my youth is that I was not educated in a Catholic school, being sent to Protestant schools until I was twelve, when my parents sent me to the Methodist Conference Seminary in Rhode Island, where I graduated at seventeen. Therefore I know whereof I speak in regard to the systems of education. I am often met with the reply, when I ask, Why do you send your children to the Catholic schools? "Because I think convent schools superior to our own." Now, what an admission that is for a Protestant mother to make. If your schools are inferior, then it is your duty to bring them up to, if not beyond their standard. But in fact the convents are inferior in every sense of the word, not only in education but in morals. Do you know what wonderful strides Catholicism is making in the last few years, and you are doing what you can to aid them? Their bishops and cardinals boast that it is only a question of time, and that not far distant, when Roman Catholicism should build her religion upon the ruins of Protestantism. If that time ever comes, farewell to every individual right, and farewell to free speech and free press, and the glorious privileges that your forefathers shed their blood to win. But before you Protestants ever live to see the day that this country is desecrated by the power of Rome may every one of you be filled with the spirit and pluck of your Puritan forefathers. [Uproarious applause.]

I have thus slightly lifted to you the veil that covers convent life. I portray it to you in the language of truth that cannot be denied. I give you names and dates which have challenged the church of Rome for many years, both in my books and lectures, but not one syllable has been refuted. When the first edition of my book came out Archbishop McCloskey sent Father McGhan with an offer to secure to me more money than I could ever realize from my book, if I would cease to publish it and bring scandal upon the church. My answer was, tell Archbishop McCloskey there is not money enough in the Romish Church to purchase one page of this book from me. That fact speaks for itself. I trust the time is not far distant when all poor nuns will have the courage to throw off the cloak they are compelled to wear, and convent life be abolished forever, as a waste of youth and strength.

Mrs. Auffray closed her lecture with a brief account of her meeting with Father Walsh in Townsville, Queensland, Australia, and of her challenge to him to deny the truth of her statements in regard to him, or to have her arrested and imprisoned for libel, if they were false. He was unable to refute the statements, but confessed them to be "all too true."

Dr. Fulton proposed the following resolution, to which the congregation agreed by rising while he closed the meeting with prayer:

"*Resolved*, That we have seen the convent system uncovered by Edith O'Gorman on this afternoon of February 2nd, and pray God that the truths thus enunciated may wing their way to all parts of the land, that the people may be enlightened regarding the peril of the system, and be led to make such exertions to overthrow it as shall glorify God and deliver the inmates now shut out from the light of day and locked into the errors of Rome."

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

LOVE.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

O, Love!
Thou art an orphan in this world of ours,
Wearing a coronet of dead white flowers,
Who with sad eyes and lashes meek and wet,
Art shower'd in dreams which pain thee with regret.

O, Love!
Fore'er divine in this sin-sullied world!
Thy slender lips contempt has never curled,
Thy pearly fingers cannot wear a stain
Albeit they link with sorrow, sin and pain.

O, Love!
Thou of the drooping lash and mournful eyes,
Wreathed by the angels in thy native skies,
Shalt wear again a living wreath of white
Touched by the glory of supernal light.

O, Love!
Thou art no egotist, in boastful tone
Claiming thy angelhood, and thine alone,
But sighing sadly that each lonely quest
Tells thee the sinless angels know thee best.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

RELIGION AND IDIOCY.

When religion is cultivated at the cost of intellectual integrity, and at the cost of intellectual repression, the natural result thereof is decline in the mechanism of the mind. Mind grows in conformity with brain exercise. For it to dwell on rational problems is healthful pabulum. On the other hand, to prostrate the mind upon illogical theorems is to pervert its function and disable its powers. A penalty then follows. That penalty is first debility, then degeneration of rational mentality. Disuse begets atrophy. When the normal function is in disorder, the organ of that function shrinks in molecular make-up. The aborted factor or faculty at length becomes constitutional and heredity perpetuates the shrunken talent. What is the proof of this? The proof is found where the mind is prostituted to contradictory averments; where it is dishonest with itself; where it persists in mortifying its manly attitude of probity; where it turns away from proof; where it is given over to dogmatic opinions at the behest of superstition, be it archaic or modern.

Religious literature abounds in examples of these demoralizing and de-humanizing perversions. See a sample in the statement of President Barnard of Columbia College.

He says: "It is better to close ones eyes to the evidence, than to be convinced of the truth of certain doctrines which he regards as subversive of the fundamentals of Christian faith. Much as I love the truth in the abstract, I love my hope of immortality more." (Prof. Winchel's Evolution.)

Truth in the abstract is a lighted candle under a bushel.

Here we see the imperial throne of mind is abused, reason degraded, evidence shut out, the majesty of truth put under the heel of superstition—or as the words have it—beneath the "hope of immortality." What folly! Banish truth for a hope, when fact, reason and absolute knowledge all assure us that not immortality, but what is better and more accurate, a future life, a continued existence is man's inalienable heritage that no one can lose. Faith and hope are puny pimps beside knowledge. With sure knowledge in our grasp, how absurd to barter the truth thereof for a traditional "hope."

What else can be expected from such an abuse of one's intellectual faculties, but impairment of their integrity in slow progressive impotence?

President Barnard cannot be ignorant of the following postulate: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." This is true, not because found in the New Testament, but because it is natural law.

It was true long before the Scriptural account was written.

Observe, then, as there is no escape from the consequences of one's own acts, the fated corollary is that none but the person concerned can make amends, or compensation for a misdeed.

"A wrong act stings till retribution heals."

With this hard verity before the court of man's sensorium, what becomes of the office of a Savior—of the function of a Redeemer? As man makes all the atonement possible to be made, it is plain that the sacrificial blood of the so-called man-God becomes an unclean offence—and a vulgar absurdity. It is redundant, meddlesome and misleading. It is a factor in degeneracy.

The Savior-fiction could never have gained a footing with intelligent people, but by deception, power, falsehood, overbearing and over-riding the rational acumen of its votaries. Note three points. Paul preached Christ crucified, which implies that others preached Christ *not* crucified. Others again pointed to Christ's second crucifixion in Egypt. (Rev. 11: 8.)

In this fatuous line of fading faculties tending to imbecility, is a strange confession which finds itself verified in science. Here it is: "We are fools for Christ's sake." The confession is a fact. The fact is legitimate. We cannot cough or wring our hands till we state the upshot and outcome thereof, frightful though it be. It is from the annals of medical inquiry in pathology.

"Dr. Langdon Down, in an inquiry into the causes of idiocy, found that intemperate habits was the greatest cause of idiocy. But of the professions, lawyers furnish the smallest proportion of idiots, while they are credited with the procreation of relatively the largest proportion of men of eminence. With the clergy, these proportions were more than reversed. (Popular Science Monthly, Dec. 1887, p. 720.)

Bible and science here agree. But it is a fearful outcome from the pious side of error, and a terrible comment on the religious side of heredity.

Slipshod reasoning awakens the brain that does it and begets imbecility in the offspring of the short-coming parent. The law of retribution is painfully persistent. The above-mentioned fact in the pathology of mind, puts a double accent upon the mean confession which says "we are fools for Christ's sake." Then the kindred self-asserted "foolishness of preaching," the endless iteration of false statements, the ceaseless drill in such fallacies of religious rubbish as the garden of Eden, the talking serpent, the fall of man, the immaculate conception, all serve to misuse the understanding, to deepen dullness and blight the man,

"Take no thought for to-morrow" is another depressing injunction. The precept is immoral, impractical, impossible. It teaches idleness, improvidence, and turns a cold shoulder to manhood and self-reliant uprightness. It must ever be remembered that there was never a truth but was productive of good; there was never an error but was productive of harm.

Law is said to be the perfection of reason. This is eminently true of natural law. Law and reason are filial associates. Reason in law owes its existence to honest purpose, honest toil, and maintains itself by the survival of the fittest. The conflict of mind with mind, the effort of reasoning in a fine balance of adjustment under the pressure of strife and combat, sharpen the powers and augment the talent. Unproved assertions are quickly knocked in the head and vanish from sight.

These forces in the realm of law are adverse to the production of idiots. The mind of the lawyer, like that of the scientist, grows in strength and grandeur. While with the clergy faith is exalted, but reason, the sturdy right arm of mind is put into an orthodox sling, and the grand results of the one profession are more than reversed in the other. What is eminent talent in law becomes idiocy in religion.

Stockton, Cal. A. S. HUDSON, M. D.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

FLYING FRAGMENTS FROM BOSTON TO CLEVELAND.

The First Spiritual Temple of Boston has been much criticised, as all good things are; but it is nevertheless an attractive and splendid edifice, and the spirit that moves within is full of sweetness and light, and high and honorable purpose. Few men have ever reared such a monument to their name to bear testimony down the ages. Peter Cooper has left such a record as will live and grow when marble pillars shall have crumbled and disappeared; but his magnificence was founded in popular approval and bore immediate fruits to his honor, as it will continue to do indefinitely.

Mr. Ayer devoted his generosity to an unpopular cause, with no prospect of appreciative recognition or reward of fame before him. Moved by a divine impulse, and faith in things not seen, he has, with remarkable self-abnegation, established a psychic centre, and materialized the spiritual idea in a visible temple that rivals the best constructive art of the age, in a conspicuous, and rapidly growing part of the historic "City by the sea," and patiently waits and works for the truth to establish its title and extend its claims until the world shall know and justify the spirit and meaning thereof. Opinions may differ as to the merit of various spiritual claims and phenomenal value of experiences that take part in the temple work; but the tolerant spirit that presides and the all-sided development, exemplified and encouraged, in the discipline applied, must bear important fruit and unfold a vigorous and beautiful character, that may wait a generation for popular recognition. This rare structure as at present equipped, cost a quarter of a million dollars; and it is not an idle dream. The best talent on the spiritual rostrum is employed to educate and spiritualize those who attend the Sunday meetings. Mrs. H. S. Lake is the regular speaker and temple medium; but makes frequent changes with such speakers as Fred. L. H. Willis, Cora L. V. Richmond and Nellie J. T. Brigham and others, while her own resources are well-nigh inexhaustible to instruct, edify and enthuse the superior nature of the intelligent. But the Sunday lectures are not all that claim our attention. The Industrial Aid meetings reach a helping hand to the struggling poor; not in gifts alone, but in practical instructions, and moral incentives that make them self-helpful until they become their own saviors. The Wednesday evening conferences exemplify orderly spontaneity, and earnest faith, that unites the two worlds in educational discipline. The ladies Industrial Union adds another link to the chain, and so the work goes on, with ever-widening usefulness, and spiritual philanthropy that keep the inner temple warm with devotional love and practical inspiration. The great organ under skillful hands, accompanied by excellent vocal music, is not only attractive and inspiring, but an uplifting tonic to moral feelings, which covers and subdues the weak places in human life with the sweet, pure magnetism of musical emotion. Mrs. Lake speaks in the Temple this month (March) and I think Fred. L. H. Willis is engaged for April.

Aside from the First Spiritual Temple there are some eight or nine other societies in Boston, all so far as I could learn in healthy activity. Bro. Cobb still keeps up his meeting and brings out many mediums, who might remain in "blissful ignorance" of their gifts, but for his manipulation of their destiny. The Temple Society at Berkley Hall is active, and Mrs. Lillie is their favorite speaker. Brothers Colby and Day of the Banner of Light editorial staff seem to work as one will for good of the cause. At the Banner office I met J. Frank Baxter just from Springfield where he has been doing valuable work for Spiritualism, despite the cloud of "black mail" that hung over the pyschic circle of the town. Quite to my surprise, too, I met Dr. Joseph Beales at that spiritual centre of Boston, the Banner rooms. The Doctor is aglow with the fires of the spirit, and buoyant at the outlook before him. He has a new deal in the mining prospects that may dust his path with gold until he will call for help to get it out of his way. I will willingly undertake to handle a few thousand if he calls for help and take my chances of finding a place to put it. I had a pleasant call from Bro. Tisdale, who is lecturing in Portland, Me., this month. He is radical, racy, and rational; earnest, eloquent and forcible. Keep him busy. Dr. Storer stores up treasures in himself and will carry them through the gate when he migrates. Jacob Edson has a better ladder than Jacob of old, for while the angels come and go thereon, he climbs it himself, and is a better angel than any that came down to wrestle in the olden times; and can make a better speech than ever the primitive Jacob made to the Lord. Dr. Buchanan is vigorously pushing his great work, Sarcognomy, and expects to get it out in May. It is likely to make a stir among thinkers.

When I first visited Boston seventeen

[Continued on fourth page.]

THE HOME CIRCLE FRATERNITY

The Evolution of a New Religion.

THE AVENUE OF DEATH.

The Visions of an Old Woman at the Poor House.

[The object to be attained under the heading, "The Home Circle Fraternity, the Evolution of a New Religion," is to bring out more prominently the only currency that gives prominence to an individual in Spirit-life, viz., BE GOOD AND DO GOOD. Hence a new conception of Deity will be formulated, and a constant incentive given to live a life unspotted before all the world.]

I.

In all ages of the world the transit of the spirit from earth to the Summer-land of the Spiritualist, the Nirvana of the Hindoo, or the heaven of the Christian, has been regarded by many with an undisguised feeling of terror. Funerals are sad places; grief finds expression there in tears, sighs and groans of the deepest agony. No one thinks of congratulating the mourners on the loss of one near and dear to them, and even if consolation be offered, it has such a mournful expression that it only makes the grief more intense. To laugh at a funeral, to appear joyous and happy, with features radiant with cheerfulness and animated with hopeful feeling, would cause one to be severely censured and condemned. Before going to a funeral, in accordance with modern usage, you should let the misty clouds of sorrow rise like a storm-signal on your face; prepare to shed copious tears, and so tune your voice that when you speak, it will sound like a funeral dirge. Throw over yourself the cloak of melancholy, and make everybody as miserable as possible. Appear as sad as the Weeping Willow, and for the time being imagine yourself a graveyard, wherein nothing exists but blasted hopes. To prepare yourself properly for a modern funeral, you should reverse nature, check all your buoyant feelings, and throw a cloud of sadness over your entire nature.

When the cold and icy hand of death has stricken one from the family circle—a darling pet, perhaps,—the parents' hearts are lacerated and broken. The pet of the household, one on whom cherished hopes were concentrated, lies quietly in the coffin. Her eyes are closed as if sweetly sleeping; the hands are clasped over the lifeless bosom, and the features seem as if a shade of sadness had settled thereon as life ebbed away. It becomes, for the time-being, the centre of sorrow, of heart-felt anguish, regardless of the fact that the lifeless form consists of only a few pounds of matter, of no more intrinsic value to the world than the dead body of any domestic animal.

No sooner is a human soul ushered into existence, than it commences to travel the Avenue of Death. Some arrive at the end almost as soon as born. Some traverse the Avenue of Death for twenty years, some for forty years, others for a hundred years. All must travel it; there is no escaping therefrom. Some find the Avenue of Death a very desirable and beautiful pathway, furnished with everything that can contribute to one's ease and comfort. When the end of the Avenue of Death has been reached, when the sun of one's existence here is soon to set, and the soul is about to emerge from its coarse outer covering, frequently some expression conveys to friends and relatives the sensation of the dying. Bishop Haven who had reached the last resting place on the Avenue of Death said: "It is so pleasant, so beautiful, so delightful dying. The angels are here. God lifts me up so in his arms that I cannot see the River of Death. There is no river. It is all light. I am floating away from earth up into heaven."

"Good night," said an old friend, as he had finished his course on the Avenue of Death.

"Good night," was the reply, "but when we meet again it will be "good morning."

Mirabeau desired his closing scene on the Avenue of Death to be cheered by delicious strains of music.

Mozart, whose soul was in harmony with the music of angels said, "Let me hear once more those notes so long my solace and delight."

A school teacher expiring said, "It is getting dark, boys, the school is dismissed."

A little girl who had only traveled a short distance on the Avenue of Death, as the mother noted the faint flickering pulse, a beautiful smile came upon the wan face, and the darling whispered, "There is no more desert here, mamma, but all the world is full of flowers."

A good Sister of Charity in her last moments said: "It is strange; every kind word I have spoken in my life, every tear that I have shed, has become a living flower around me, and they bring to my senses an incense ineffable."

Keats' last words were a poem in themselves: "I feel the daisies growing over me."

II.

All must travel the Avenue of Death. To some it furnishes wealth, happiness, all that the human heart can desire. No wish is ungratified. Others, however, do not find it an easy road to travel. They are pinched with cold, tortured by the pangs of hunger, suffer from acute pains, and life to them is one continual struggle. The Avenue of Death to them is a valley of horrors. When they smile, it is so sad and ghastly, so skeleton-like, apparently so chilled by adverse winds that they seem to look upon life as a mockery, the Providence of God as a humbug, and the ministrations of angels as an idle dream. Such was the case with an old woman whom I saw sitting on a curb-stone, and who asked us for five cents to pay her car-fare to the Home of the Friendless. Says I:

"Madam, how forlorn you look. You seem to be outside of the limits of civilization, in a border-land which is neither recognized by God nor man! Where are you from?"

"From the poor-house," she answered. I "I was sick, very sick, and was takenthere. I am better now, and I think I can earn my own living."

"You earn your own living? Why, you are too old for that. You can scarcely walk now. You look as if you hadn't a friend on earth."

"Nor have I," she replied; "not one to whom I can appeal for assistance."

What a sad spectacle—a woman, seventy years of age, near the end of her career on the Avenue of Death, trudging along with a bundle of clothing toward the Home of the Friendless, and so weak that she is just ready to drop into the gutter.

"Why did you leave the poor-house?" I inquired.

"Because I feel sad there. I can't bear the word pauper. When well I can earn my own living."

"How hopeful you are."

"I know I am, but I shall not live long. Life has been one continual struggle for me, and I see the end approaching."

"Do you believe in dreams, stranger?" she inquired.

"I think some are strangely prophetic. What makes you think you will not live long. Please tell me."

"I have a child in heaven, and unfortunate for me, it was born outside of wedlock, and I, in consequence, was banished from a happy home. Many years ago my darling died while I held her in my arms trying to sustain her life. I have imagined I have heard her voice; I have imagined I have felt the pressure of her little hand; I have imagined that her sweet lips have touched mine. That imagination, to me real, has been my solace and comfort. I imagined that she said when you were passing that you would assist me, and talk pleasantly and encouragingly with me; I imagined that she touched me, and called my attention to you. Some call me insane because I imagine these things."

"Really, my dear woman that is curious! To imagine that you are attended by an angel child is, perhaps, the next thing to it, or more, it may be a reality. When did you first imagine this?"

"Soon after she died, she seemed to come to me, to love me, to cheer me, to throw around me her sweet presence. And you believe in dreams?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Shall I tell you one?"

"Certainly."

"While in the poor-house, a pauper there I went to sleep one night, and an angel seemed to nestle by my side, and put her arms around my neck and kiss my pale, cold cheek. I soon seemed to be wafted away from earth. I lost sight of the poor-house with its dingy walls and unfortunate inmates, and was transported to a green arbor by the side of a beautiful stream of water. All at once the scene seemed to change. I heard music—oh! how sweet, as if sung by a bevy of innocent children. I then was approached by an angel clothed in pure white, who addressed me in tones of endearment:

"'You are from a poor-house on earth. Life to you has been a hard one. You have struggled constantly with adverse circumstances. We have no such poor-houses here, no such miserable homes for the friendless. Each human soul is precious in the sight of angels, and is tenderly cared for. Soon you will be taken from earth.'

"Where is my darling child?" I enquired.

"Taking me by the hand she led me along a meandering pathway towards a stately building, where she said I would find my little girl. In a moment she came bounding toward me, and with shouts of gladness, and kisses and caresses, greeted the poor old woman from the poor-house. 'My mamma,' she said 'will not have to live in a poor-house here, for there are none. No one is friendless here; no one is without God's love.'

"I had a joyous time with my child, but was finally told that I must return to the poor-house; that I must remain on earth just a little longer, and accompanied by my angelic daughter, I commenced my journey earthward. The dingy poor-house soon came in sight again, and when we reached it my child clasped her arms around me, kissed me, and bid me good-by. I then awoke, and found myself still in a miserable pauper's bed."

"You say your child was born outside of wedlock," I inquired.

"I do, sir, and that I was banished from a pleasant home. Since then I have tried to do my duty, for the presence of my Eva in my imagination, has been my solace and comfort. Do you think I sinned, sir, beyond redemption?"

"Why, my dear old woman, in the estimation of God and the angels you are purer, better, and more acceptable in their sight than your virtuous parents who cruelly banished you from their home; more acceptable in their sight than the married lady who murders the angel child that nestles in the fœtus before its full growth is completed. There are a hundred crimes committed in wedlock, in my opinion, to one outside of the same. Don't fear, old woman, for your indiscretion. You have given birth to an immortal soul. Since then you have lived an honest, noble life. Your child in heaven will not condemn you. Never fear for yourself, but pray for the God-forsaken wretches who have pointed the finger of scorn at you; they are the ones to be pitied. I had rather stand in your shoes, sleep in a dingy room in the poor-house, and be the mother of an angel child, than be a person who would scorn, despise and banish you for your youthful indiscretion. If to become a mother outside of wedlock is a grievous sin, the ones who cast you from the paternal roof for so doing, committed a sin a thousand-fold greater."

"What do you think of that dream?"

"To say the least it was curious."

"I then gave the old woman some aid, and directed her to the Home of the Friendless. I have never heard from her since.

Thus it is that the Avenue of Death is not pleasant to all. That old woman had suffered a thousand deaths. Fate had been cruel and relentless to her. But soon she will reach the end of that Avenue, and be able to learn whether her imaginings and dreams were realities or not.

The Avenue of Death, all must travel it. Some it leads through the poor-house; others through prison walls; others to the scaffold, while others are conducted through pleasant scenes to the end of their career. It terminates, however, at one place—the GRAVE! It does not extend into the spiritual realms. When humanity shall have progressed sufficiently, the Avenue of Death will be pleasant to all. Each one will travel it with joyous hopes and pleasant anticipation of the beauties it will finally unfold. Remember, then, each one of you, that while traveling over your Avenue of Death, you can render that of others more pleasant by acts of kindness and philanthropic deeds.

THE GRAND REALITY!

Experiences in Spirit Life of a Celebrated Dramatist.

"The Grand Reality," being experiences in spirit life of a celebrated dramatist, received through a trance medium and edited by Hugh Junor Browne, author of "The Holy Truth," "Rational Christianity," "The Conflict Between Authority and Reason," "The Religion of the Future," Etc.

[Continued from last week.]

LECTURE XI.

At the conclusion of my last discourse I left off at a city where there were spirits of various sorts and of different nations. The buildings were of fine architecture, the principal part being of the Gothic style, and much finer than anything on your earth. I observed that many of the streets were paved with beautiful Oriental material, such as was generally used in synagogues. In the portion of this city which had been founded by Luther I was surprised to find such a mixture of various sorts and inclinations bound together in one—for they seemed to be of no particular sect or creed.

Being taken, or rather led, to a place that was occupied by a large square, in the center of the town, I was shown where many old martyrs had staid, and still often came to visit. It was here that spiritual manifestations, as now exemplified upon many portions of the earth, had reached the first stage of mediumship. Spirits who leave their bodies without the faintest powers of mediumship having been perceptible to themselves, or their earthly friends, are developed in the spheres, until, gradually, the light is brought to bear upon them; but it must be sought after and, when found, cultivated. I have met no one who so truly made it his work to search out and acquire a knowledge of spiritual chemistry as a spirit known as "King." I may term him the founder of what is called "Materialization," and it is in this city where that science has reached the perfection it now assumes. It was here that many parts of the atmosphere were first divided into sections, as it were, by spiritual clairvoyants; so that, as the saying is, "One could rise from the dead, and speak." I also found that various parts of the city were adorned by the statues of many who had passed through; those who had been eminent, in their earth-life, for some of the cardinal virtues. Monuments, lecture-halls, and other prominent structures were in abundance. I saw that the places of worship were not used merely by one sect or creed, but that those of the Jews, and those of a philosophical creed, intermingled throughout all of them. Each one seemed to work for the others' good, though there were many who appeared to be still under some darkening influences; yet, so great was the brotherly love that was held out to them, that they apparently passed a life of happiness and contentment. I subsequently ascertained that, as free and liberal as these spirits were, there were among them certain classes who to a great extent kept aloof, and did not yield implicit submission to the form of government ruling, which consisted of a code of rules selected by those of most prolonged residence there, and who possessed the greatest ability to devise measures for the benefit of the masses in that particular city. I noticed that there were means at command for bringing the refractory spirits to punishment, and when once the authorities had succeeded in bringing them within the charmed circle, they could not do otherwise than eventually admire the beautiful form of government, which was efficient, because no one was ever placed in a position he was unfit to occupy and adorn; none were called on to undertake works they did not understand; no one was made the slave of another, but each seemed to strive to benefit the whole community.

I was anxious to see those who ruled, and I was taken to a structure of great height and solidity, and of such an appearance that I almost thought I stood once more before the House of Commons in London, as it existed in my time, only on a larger and finer scale. As we approached we heard a voice uttering these few, simple words, "Come ye, who are heavily laden with spiritual sins and spiritual troubles; come ye that have suffered from the flesh: join us in love, and we will light the path for you henceforth." Looking eastward I saw a high wall; to ascertain something about which I felt a natural curiosity, I was told that if I would wait patiently I would be taken to the other side of this dividing wall. We headed towards the East, and on our passage thence I observed that the country on this side of the town was thinly inhabited by spirits of a selfish disposition, who reminded me much of a section of the Jewish race upon earth. We soon came to another large city, which was completely bound in by a strong line of beautiful trees. I thought that I should here behold greater forms of love—that I should see scenes of truer and higher work than any I had seen before. How vastly can even the spirit's imagination be deceived by outward looks! How deep can be the feelings of disappointment at the discovery of a faulty opinion! Mystified upon earth, one imagines all will be cleared up and rendered simple in the spheres. But how great the disappointment! Though at times he feels the surrounding influences of beauty and goodness, yet there are periods when he comes upon scenes in which he sees the darkness again. Those who have built their hopes upon unalloyed bliss in these spheres will be sadly disappointed in their expectations; and those who imagine that here everything is loving and lovely will likewise find their mistake. I found that I was among a strong band of the ancient Jews. The prophecy of being again brought into one nation they imagined was being verified in themselves in this locality, and those of adverse creeds who had associated with them in the rudimentary sphere, seemed to have cut their acquaintance. It was in this locality they expected to partake of the milk and honey promised them. Here they were just as vicious, just as griping, just as quick to gain any point upon other spirits as they were upon earth to gain money from their contemporaries. Not even would they allow us for some time to enter in among them. It was only by the exercise of patience and a great deal of trouble that we succeeded in effecting an entrance. We were not willingly taken by the hand, but they took care of us as if against their wills; and when we came closely into their midst the mist which had been hanging over the spot seemed to break away, and exposed to view what appeared to be a beautiful land. But there was something wanting. Fountains were there pouring out their limpid streams; but they failed to render forth the sweet music I had heard from other fountain streams. The sound seemed to jar like an unstrung instrument, in whose notes there is no harmony. The flowers appeared as if they were forced to bloom. The trees seemed to blossom and emit their perfume as if these operations were odious to them. Upon the countenance of several spirits there was a look which had a most repelling influence. What was the cause?—AVARICE (avarice—the ruination of civilization—the cause of the downfall of many governments, of the slaughter of thousands and thousands of victims). See their eyes flash! See their whole spiritual form quivering with the emotion of covetousness when something is spoken of that is to be obtained! Bear in mind I speak not of the nation at large, but merely of those whom I met in this group. That such perfect affinity and love should reign in the other grade of this sphere, while the same state of things did not exist in this one, is a seeming paradox that you will scarcely understand. Although the majority have broken away from the bonds of avarice which bind this community, on the other hand there are still some who would strip and take the bed from the widow!—who would tear away the bread from the orphan! . . . . . So, with all the beautiful scenes surrounding the latter, there was a want—a dark shadow still hung over them. I must now break the power for a little time, and relieve the medium. We will resume in a quarter of an hour.

[The medium was here released for the time specified, when a resumption of the lecture took place.]

The synagogues of this Jewish city—for Jewish it is in every respect—are structures bearing a great similarity to those of earth, at least to those which were there some few centuries back. But the Jews—these spirit Jews—worship in their synagogues not exactly according to the Mosaic code, but with a certain meagre spiritual light. Still, the various impolitic exactions in their laws will not admit of the True Light beaming upon them. They resemble many upon this earth, who see little beyond the spot upon which they stand. They are so exclusive as to refuse consociation with those who would gladly reveal to them bright glimmerings of the Light of Truth. They will not allow, except on rare occasions, strange or higher influences to come among them. They think that theirs is the "Promised Land of Canaan," and out of this idea they will not travel, but prefer to remain there, and continue their spiritually stagnant existence. They are contented with their lot, and still add to their habitations on the ground which they occupy. The city is built much in the old Jewish style of architecture; monuments and worshiping halls are constructed in the old fashion, with tall windows and long subterranean passages, which undermine the whole extent of the buildings. The structure of the greatest magnitude was embellished by eight towers, each of which was connected by a bridge built of white stone. The towers were square, and each one was of a different color. They presented an appearance very much akin to the old fortified castles of the country in which some of you, perhaps, once lived, and possibly you have had the pleasure of strolling over some of them. Here they seemed to have reached perfection in shape, form and ornament. They decorated these buildings, and made the interior to resemble the ancient castles frequented by warriors who had performed valorous deeds—deeds of which they were proud, and, to perpetuate the memory of which, the walls were decorated with trophies and armorial trappings. Here the old Hebrew Bible was kept with great reverence. Here, also, were the monuments of those who had gone out from among them, some of which were covered in black drapery, or what appeared such. I said to a spirit: "Why coverest thou these up so? What is the motive for concealing these memorials, for such I take them to be?" "Ah," said he, "these are mementos of those who have gone, and have not proved true. They say they have gone to higher spheres. Surely they might have remained content with a residence here. However, their discontent and apostacy are recorded by these memorials being thus draped and hidden from our children's sight." Quoth I: "Would it not be better to take away the remnant, and pass it out of sight?" "Nay, my friend, if we take it out of sight It will not remain as a monument of warning to others; therefore we let it stand thus shrouded." Dark, superstitious ignorance, thought I, to which you cling like your forefathers, who were taught that they should be gathered together from north, south, east and west, to occupy "a land flowing with milk and honey." And this ye believe to be the spot so designated, and the prophecy to be in course of fulfillment. The veil which you cherish around your spiritual existence seems almost as dark as that which hung around you upon earth, and which cows you down, preventing the dawn of that light which, otherwise, would break in upon your darkened understanding.

It was in the former city I have described to you where I first gained a knowledge of the system of communicating with earth's inhabitants—the system termed by you "Mediumistic"; and where I first gained the power——[Pause]. I must say good night, for I cannot further control the medium this evening.

[To be continued.]

YOU who refuse to subscribe for the PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be left in the rear. Your neighbor, who takes it, will be brought in contact with the spirit of the age, its leading minds, while you are in the dark as to what is going on.

FLYING FRAGMENTS FROM BOSTON.

[Continued from third page.]

years ago, I was entertained by Col. Fred Pope and family and we became fast friends. In later visits I have not found the Colonel in visible presence, but the friendly, welcome and pleasant hospitality has been extended to me by the family, and my acquaintance among Boston Spiritualists is largely due to Mrs. Pope's kindness, for which I am gratefully appreciative. Mrs. L. C. Clapp—the daughter—is a favorite with lovers of music, and renders valuable service to various societies with her trained voice and thorough musical education. C. Fannie Allen drew good audiences at the Berkley Hall meetings, but my protracted wrestle with la grippe prevented my enjoying many of the good things at hand. Mrs. Storrs was ever active in works of the spirit, healing, musing, teaching, giving words of cheer from the departed, all spontaneous and free as air. Her husband is a man of means, and delights in her gifts and the use she makes of them, asking no reward but love. I spent an evening at the ladies aid meeting, which was lively and inspiring. Bro. Edson made a ringing speech which alone paid for going.

Leaving Boston at 3 P. M., Monday, I greeted Mrs. Howe and Maude at Fredonia about 9 A. M., Tuesday, and found them "on praying grounds and interceding terms" with king la grippe on the retreat. Four days at home nursing my weakness, and sharing the sunshine of love, and then I came on to Cleveland, where I am trying to do some good during the Sundays of March. The sensational phenomena illustrated by Frank T. Ripley, added to the brilliant efforts of J. Clegg Wright, followed by Mrs. R. S. Lillie and her musical counterpart, has kept Cleveland Spiritualists at such high tension that my ministrations are tame, and it will take time for them to get used to the change, but they bear it like philosophers.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

SPIRITS OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

BY BISHOP A. BEALS.

Oh! Spirits of Love and Beauty draw near,
And lift from my sad weary eyes
The shadows that ever before me appear
To darken the visions that rise.

Oh! come from your home, where the summer-light glows
Through the aisles of an infinite clime,
And breathe on my spirit the charm of repose,
From the fountains of Nature divine.

Oh! leave me no longer in sadness, I pray,
Ye Spirits of Beauty and Love,
I long for thy presence to guide me each day
To thy beautiful gardens above.

Oft' times I have strayed by the margin of Spring,
And felt the sweet touch of a power
Fall over my lyre like an angel's soft wing,
With the breath of many a flower.

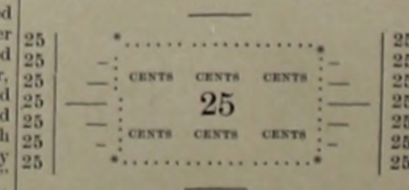
Adown life's fair river that flows to the west
My barque glides so swiftly along,
And a fond loving voice from the land of the blest
Bids me ever be faithful and strong.

And the love that was mine in the glad olden time
Fell over my spirit like dew,
In the vale of affection where flowers still twine
As sweet and tender and true.

C. W. Mattison, of Watertown, N. Y., writes: "Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly will be our regular speaker for March. There will be meetings in the Temple at 2:30 and 7:30 every Sunday. Mr. Edgerly spoke for us for the month of February, and gave the best of satisfaction, giving a number of tests at the close of his lecture. Societies in this part of the field would do well to engage him. Those who do, will fill their halls after the second night. I wish to say something here which happened one week ago to-day. As my father, Mr. F. K. Mattison, was coming across the bridge over Black River, he heard an awful scream, and thinking it some of the shop men, he turned around, and glancing involuntarily down the river, he had a vision presented to him. He saw a form in the water, about fifteen rods down the stream, throwing the arms around in a confused way, and then disappeared from sight. He told several of it. To-day, at noon, the people found the body of William Parmer's wife in the river (at the same hour that he saw the vision), she having committed suicide. I will say that my father is and has been for some time a Spiritualist and a medium."

25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25

Why do we attach so much importance to "25 cents"? Why do we advertise so liberally for trial subscribers? Why do we make 16 weeks the superstructure on which to rear a magnificent publishing house? Simply because the whole spiritual pathway is filled with the wrecks of newspaper enterprises, and the Spiritualists, always liberal, always generous, will not, as a general rule, advance more than that sum until they see



some legitimate fruits. Commencing with the *Religio-Philosophical* Publishing House, of this city, *The Progressive Age*, and *The Universe*, all started with the most honorable intentions, and so conducted, the loss to some Spiritualists who invested therein almost beggared them! We have started on an entirely different basis. No stockholders to lose anything, and no bequests to be quandered.

25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25

If you receive a sample copy, it is intended to do missionary work, and with your cooperation it will do it most effectually. After reading it, send it to a Spiritualist and request him to tell all his Spiritualist friends that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is being published in Chicago, and that they should subscribe for it. Let each one who hears the good news, spread it far and wide, and it will not be long before we have 100,000 subscribers.

ONE DEPARTMENT alone of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER—"The Progressive Thinker's Rostrum"—will be more than worth the price of subscription. Just think, for only 1¾ cents per week you can have the paper visit you regularly.



OUR ROSTRUM.

A NEW FEATURE INTRODUCED IN THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

A Rare Intellectual Feast in Store.

Our Readers Brought in Contact with the Leading Minds of the Country.

We take especial pleasure in stating that we have made arrangements whereby we can bring the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in contact with the leading minds of the age, through the instrumentality of a series of addresses, sermons or essays on subjects of great interest to every reflective mind. The phenomenal success of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and the hearty good will and enthusiasm with which it has been received, make it a fit receptacle for the best thoughts, and an excellent agent for the enlightenment of the world on subjects of paramount importance.

It was inaugurated after several impressive visions by the editor, wherein its future usefulness and policy were foreshadowed, and he has never for a moment doubted but what he would fully realize every promise made by the celestial visitants. In compliance with their request, this lecture course has been projected, and we believe it will be enthusiastically received by the reading public and be instrumental in doing a great work. Our only object in living is *to do good*. With that object in view we commenced THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; with that object in view we placed its subscription price so low that its editor could never become wealthy therefrom; with that object in view we have been enabled to bring to the front leading minds, who will present their well matured thoughts to go forth as messengers of light.

March 29, **DR. J. K. BAILEY.**
April 12, **DR. C. W. BROWN.**
April 26, **DR. ADAM MILLER.**
May 10, **PROF. ALEX. WILDER.**
May 24, **LYMAN C. HOWE.**
June 7, **MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.**
June 21, the **REV. SAMUEL WATSON.**
July 5, **HUDSON TUTTLE.**
July 19, **A. M. CRIFFEN.**
Aug. 2, **REV. T. W. WOODROW.**
August 16, **J. O. BARRETT.**
August 30, **HON. SIDNEY DEAN.**
September 13, **J. D. BUCK, M. D.**
Sept. 27, **WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD.**
October 11, **PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN.**
October 25, **A. B. FRENCH.**
Nov. 8, **ELDER GILES B. AVERY.**
Nov. 22, **MRS. EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.**

☞ Other eminent names will be added to the list soon.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

"Love" of "Country," "Liberty" of "Conscience," and "Loyalty" to "the "Constitution."



ROME VS. REASON

ROME vs. REASON will soon be Issued, with much additional matter, in pamphlet form. Readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, who have been interested in these articles, by sending postal card with their full address, will receive the same at COST PRICE when ready. Address, W. F. WHITEHEAD, Room 18, 159 Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO BECOME A GOOD MEDIUM.

To become a good medium it is in most cases necessary to have some person to set with who can throw you in a complete trance each day, and hold you in that condition until the spirit control can gain complete control of your organism. I discovered some years ago that I could throw almost any person into a complete trance state, and hold them in that condition. My charges for developing mediums for healing or other phases vary from $10 to $50, according to the time required. No charge will be made if I fail to develop the medium. Make applications by letter only. J. W. CURTS, 828 W. Jackson street, Chicago, Illinois.

W. H. VOSBURGH, Magnetic Physician, of Troy, N. Y., is meeting with marked success in treating the sick, who cannot reach him personally, through his powerful Spiritual Magnetized Paper. Some very remarkable cures have recently been accomplished through his great power of healing transmitted to paper. Two packages forwarded by mail for $1. Address, 244 Ninth street, Troy, N. Y.

AN ASTONISHING OFFER.

Send three 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, age, name, sex, one leading symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed free by spirit power. DR. A. B. DOBSON, Maquokets, Iowa.

OUR UNCLE AND AUNT.

By AMARALA MARTIN. "It is the result of an interested, thoughtful, sympathetic, intelligent woman's observations, which are certainly presented in a very telling manner."—*Boston Times*. Price, $1. Address, G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York City; or the author, 518 Center street, Cairo, Ill.

MELTED PEBBLE SPECTACLES.

RESTORE LOST VISION. MY CLAIRVOYANT method of fitting the eyes never fails. Sent by mail, $1.10. State age and how long you have worn glasses, or send a two-cent stamp for directions. Address, **B. F. POOLE, Clairvoyant Opticias**, Clinton, Iowa.

MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS, Materializing Seances, Tuesday at 8 P. M.; Saturday at 2 P. M. 232 W. 46th St. N. Y.

MRS. F. MAYER, No. 100 E. 78th St. cor. Park av. New York. Independent Slate Writing and Etherialization seances.